

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 758

JUNE 7, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



▶ *STRAND* ◀

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▶ *LONDON* ◀

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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NOTES AT THE SHAKSPERIAN SHOW AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Topics of the Week

DISAPPOINTED LEGISLATORS.—Parliament has now entered upon the last period of the present Session, and the Government has no doubt already begun to consider how far the hopes expressed in the Queen's Speech are likely to be realised. That some measures of the first rank will have to be postponed is already certain. It is highly improbable that Mr. Chamberlain will be able to overcome the resistance to the Merchant Shipping Bill; and the chances of the London Municipality Bill do not appear to be particularly brilliant. On the other hand, the Franchise Bill ought to reach the House of Lords before the end of June; and although the new Land Bill for Ireland may be greatly modified in Committee, there is no reason to doubt that it will become law. Even if the Franchise Bill is accepted by the House of Lords, Radicals will consider the results of the Session disappointing; and we are sure to hear that but for Obstruction the Government would have had a much more splendid record. Is it perfectly clear, however, that Obstructives are so potent a force in the House of Commons as Radical politicians profess to believe? During the last few months much time has been devoted to the discussion of the affairs of Egypt and the Soudan, but it cannot be fairly said that the subject has received more attention than it deserves. As for questions of domestic interest, they have been talked about as freely by Liberals as by Conservatives; and Mr. Parnell's followers have only occasionally made themselves troublesome. The real cause of the disappointment which is expressed at the close of most sessions is that the Government invariably begins with too large a scheme of work. It proposes a list of measures which could be passed only if debate were to be confined to the occupants of the Front Benches, and if questions relating to foreign policy were scarcely ever to attract public notice. Would it not be better to recognise the obvious fact that the conditions of Parliamentary discussion are no longer what they were a generation ago, and to be content at the opening of each Session with a more modest programme?

MORE DYNAMITE.—With many excellent qualities, the Irish people have always possessed a genius for conspiracy; and now, when the whole world is bridged over by steam and electricity, and when science has developed destructive agents formerly unknown, the personal perils, which for centuries past have been familiar to law-abiding persons resident in Ireland itself, have been brought home to our own doors. It is of little use to inveigh against the wickedness of the crimes which were perpetrated at the end of last week in Scotland Yard and at the Junior Carlton. The aim of the conspirators is avowedly to keep John Bull in a constant state of anxiety and apprehension, and they care nothing if the chief practical result of their exploits is to make some of the humblest members of John Bull's family life-long sufferers. As arguments addressed to the moral sense or the intelligence of the conspirators are confessedly useless, is it possible in any other way to prevent the recurrence of these outrages? Our endeavours to enlist the sympathies of foreign Governments are palpably weakened by the unwillingness which we displayed in the prosecution or extradition of French and Italian plotters in days gone by. The Americans treat us now very much as we treated the late Emperor of the French. "Bring forward legal proof," they say, "and we will act." But, as every one knows, this legal proof is very difficult of attainment, and the Americans, always jealous of British supremacy, and anxious to conciliate their own Irish element, are not likely to stretch a single point in our favour. We are driven, therefore, to try and help ourselves. How shall we do it? Well, something may be done by adopting the same secretive methods which the dynamitards show towards us. Why should idle curiosity be gratified by publishing official reports, by benevolently showing these rascals wherein their clockwork apparatus was defective, and by telling them that if they had placed their explosive in such a place instead of where it was deposited, far greater destruction would have been caused? But far more than this will be necessary if these outrages go on. Suspected offenders must be examined and tried in private. The informer, who now dreads the fate of Carey, may then be expected to offer his services.

MR. WOODALL'S AMENDMENT.—One of the arguments most often used by the opponents of Woman Suffrage is that if women are allowed to vote it will be impossible to keep them out of Parliament. But why should not a woman sit in Parliament if she can get a constituency to elect her? Female candidates would receive very few votes from their own sex, because the mass of women will not trust one of their number to do man's work. Nature has set distinct limits to the sphere of woman's work, and none know this so well as women themselves. The School Boards have benefited little by having lady members; lady doctors have only been partially successful, and complain more of the mistrust shown them by their own sex than of want of encouragement from men. So in the same way we may be pretty sure that lady candidates for Parliamentary honours would find women electors agreed in thinking that the

business of talking on platforms, of framing laws, and bandying words over them in an assembly of men, is best done by the stronger sex. However, there are exceptional women, and if one of these should arise from time to time, and win the confidence of a constituency, why should she be disqualified? It is not really the dread of seeing lady M.P.'s make unseemly exhibitions of themselves in the House of Commons which urges certain politicians to refuse women the right of suffrage to which they are clearly entitled. When we see a Liberal politician write that his party will no longer care for the Franchise Bill if women are included in it, we know what that means. The programme of great political reforms is almost exhausted, and a time is fast coming when the Liberals, at a loss for a new cry, will turn their minds to religious and social questions. On these the votes of women would be Conservative, that is, inimical to hazardous innovations. But they would be more inimical still to the kind of men who propose hazardous innovations, to those who scatter firebrands, and say, "It is nothing."

CONSERVATISM AND THE COUNTRY.—The enthusiastic reception accorded to Lord Salisbury at Plymouth seems to indicate that the Conservative party as a whole remains loyal to the chiefs whom it selected after the death of Lord Beaconsfield. There is no sign, however, that even if every trace of disunion in the party were effaced the Conservatives would be likely to secure a majority at the next General Election. This is certainly not due to the fact that the policy of their opponents has invariably commanded the confidence of the country. Few Cabinets of modern times have surpassed the present Ministry in its capacity for committing mistakes; and there have been periods in our history when a Government would have been dismissed for any one of the more important blunders of which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been guilty in connection with Egypt alone. Nor can Conservatives complain that their cause is never advocated with striking ability. In his own way, as he has proved once more at Plymouth, Lord Salisbury is one of the most vigorous orators of the day; and, if the nation happened to be in a Conservative mood, a great impression would be produced by his clever and acrid criticism. The truth is that the majority of the English people are not in the humour which disposes them sometimes to give more attention to what may be called the negative than to the positive element in politics. They have decided that certain great measures of domestic reform are necessary; and, as Liberals undertake to secure for them these advantages, while Conservatives offer at best only vague promises, Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his errors of judgment in foreign policy, is naturally preferred to Lord Salisbury. By-and-by, no doubt, the Conservatives will again have a chance of showing what they can do in office; but probably they will have to wait until Parliament has accepted most of the schemes about the justice and expediency of which all Liberals are agreed.

KING TAWHIAO.—The Maori King, who is now on a visit to this country, is avowedly an imitator of Cetewayo. Cetewayo came here, and was restored to his sovereignty, *ergo*, the same good fortune will befall the New Zealand chieftain. It is scarcely necessary to say that, if Tawhiao entertains this sanguine view, he is doomed to disappointment. He will be received with the utmost consideration, Lord Derby will treat him to a cold *douche* of practical common sense, but he may as well hope to turn back the shadow on the sundial as to obtain an official recognition of his sovereign rights. It is kinder to speak thus plainly, although we may at the same time admit that in former days the Maories have received much wrongful treatment. And there is something pathetic in the figure (grotesque although it may be) of this discredited monarch who comes half-way round the world as a suppliant, believing, with the child-like faith of a savage, that the great Queen will be more just and more generous than any of her subordinates. But it may be questioned whether the attitude of Tawhiao is not anachronistic in the estimation even of his own countrymen. The better-informed among them, at all events, are perfectly well aware that the constant diminution of their numbers will, irrespective of other advantages, give the final victory to the Pakeha, and therefore they prefer to submit, and live for the remainder of their days on good terms with him. They know, too, that the present New Zealand Government are genuinely anxious to treat the noble race which is hurrying to extinction with justice, and even kindness, and therefore they wisely prefer the supremacy of such a Government to the feeble sway which nowadays would be exercised by a chieftain of their own.

"SIR ROGER."—The Tichborne Demonstration held in Hyde Park on Whit Monday shows that there are yet fine days in store for mountebanks who trade on human credulity. There were deputations from a dozen cities, bands, banners, speeches, and an unanimous vote on a denunciatory resolution—all the elements, in short, which form "the great voice of the nation pronouncing unmistakably," as our political friends tell us whenever a mob of the tag-rag and bobtail can be collected in support of their particular crotchets. It is ten years since the Claimant to the Tichborne Estates was sentenced to penal servitude for perjury, and the popular faith in him is still great. It clung also to Perkin Warbeck, to the false

Demetrius, to the sham Louis XVII., and it clings, generally speaking, to every impostor who remains unashamed. The belief in the Claimant, however, is of a composite order. Most of his admirers are persuaded that he is at once Arthur Orton and Sir Roger, or, rather, that being Orton he has a right to Sir Roger's estates because he demanded them with so much effrontery. Then he used to be fat and good-natured, and that counts for much in England. Doctors say, indeed, that he was too fat to live, and that his imprisonment, irksome as it may have been, has undoubtedly prolonged his life. He has lost ten stone of superfluous flesh since 1874, and if after his release he is careful in his diet he may live long and see good days. He will be an authority on Prison Reform, and may earn much money as a lecturer; he is almost certain to bring out his "Memoirs," which will be widely read. We are afraid he will not bring up the famous Tichborne Bonds to par again; but he may do the next best thing to this by raising a new loan.

EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—Before the Whitsuntide Recess it was feared that the Government was about to commit the country to a very unpopular policy with regard to Egypt. Probably the danger was not exaggerated, but Mr. Gladstone has had an opportunity of observing the real tendencies of public opinion, and there is some reason to hope that he will henceforth estimate French pretensions a little more carefully than he seemed disposed to do a week or two ago. Independence is certainly not the quality by which Liberal politicians are now chiefly characterised; yet Liberals of every shade of opinion united in condemning the proposals by which the Ministry intended—or were said to have intended—to conciliate France. It is an open question whether England acted wisely in crushing the rebellion of Arabi; but, having destroyed the only native authority capable of maintaining order in Egypt, she is plainly under an obligation—altogether apart from the consideration of her own interests—to set up some form of government which shall have a fair chance of being at once effective and popular. If the English troops were soon withdrawn, and if after their departure a Native Administration had to work in association with an International Board, it is certain that the fellahs would suffer from tyranny incomparably more grievous than any from which they were delivered by the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. No serious politician proposes that England should annex Egypt; it is not even suggested that a Protectorate should be formally established. What is desired by almost all Englishmen is that the Egyptians shall be gradually trained to manage their own affairs, and that the responsibility for so training them shall rest on this country alone. The undertaking is a formidable one, of course; but it is not beyond our resources, and it is an enterprise to which we pledged ourselves when we fought Arabi, and from which we cannot honourably escape.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.—As far as its southern shores are concerned, the "tideless midland sea" is in a fair way to become a French lake. Algeria has been a French colony for more than fifty years; Tunis, owing to the energy of M. Roustan, and the providential appearance of that mysterious tribe, the Kroumirs, is virtually a French province; in Egypt Mr. Gladstone stands obsequiously, hat in hand, apologising for keeping M. Ferry so long out of his own; and now the independence of Morocco seems to be threatened. France has the luck to keep in her diplomatic and consular service a number of officials whose tempers are choleric and whose ways are domineering; but it is remarkable that the quarrels in which these gentlemen become involved usually redound to the advantage of the country whose credentials they bear. Certainly it has proved so in Tunis, in Cochin China, and in Madagascar. M. Ordega, the French Minister to Morocco, is no exception to the rule. He has taken umbrage at the treatment accorded by the Emperor to the son of the Shereef of Wazan, who, according to an apparently truthful correspondent of the *Standard*, had committed a most barbarous murder. But, as the Shereef and his sons are French subjects (having chosen to be enrolled as such), M. Ordega warmly took their part, accused another person, the Mayor of Wazan, of the murder, and insisted on his dismissal. The Emperor hesitating to comply with his demands, M. Ordega rushed off to Paris, leaving everybody under the impression that war was imminent. He has since returned, accompanied by an ironclad, and has been visited by deputations of tribes from the interior. The Shereef is a powerful man; there is no doubt much discontent in Morocco; and, if M. Ordega chooses to foster this discontent, a revolution may be imminent. Of course, if it should break out, France will assist in the restoration of order. And will she, *more Gladstonico*, retire as soon as she has made everything comfortable? *Pas si bête*. She will stop there, and we may as well hand Gibraltar back to Spain, for it will not then be of much use to us.

STOLEN "BITS."—A Society has been founded for the protection of authors; if it takes the French *Société des Gens de Lettres* for its model it will soon commence a war on some of those little piratical sheets which under the name of "Bits" reprint entire articles and tales from newspapers and magazines, without acknowledgement. These papers of "Bits" are now in great demand, and well they may be, since most of them pick what is best from the literary

matter which other periodicals have paid for. We believe this system of appropriation is only lawful within certain limits. To reprint a newspaper article with a mention of the newspaper's name is allowable; but to reprint a tale or long extracts from a book without noting the author's or publisher's name is a breach of copyright, and, what is more, a violation of those courtesies which ought to prevail among men concerned with literature. The injury done to literary men by a misappropriation of their wares is great, and operates in many ways. The sale of "Bits" is detrimental to that of books. The man who can get a choice collection of extracts every week by purchasing a few penny papers has not time or inclination for much other reading. Thus prices in the literary market fall, and authors are the sufferers. It would be well that the law should be set in motion against some of those depredators, of whom the *Société des Gens de Lettres* would assuredly make short work. Meanwhile every man who is right-minded enough to look upon literary larceny as an act not more justifiable than any other kind of theft can abstain from becoming a *particeps criminis* by ceasing to buy papers which habitually publish unacknowledged extracts. And respectable newsagents, especially those who have the monopoly of railway bookstalls, might also evince the same proper scruple.

PRODUCTIVE CO-OPERATION.—The most interesting fact brought out at the meeting of the Co-operative Congress in Derby was that productive co-operation has been remarkably successful in France. There are, it is said, no fewer than sixty-two French societies engaged in co-operative production; and it is expected that the number will soon be largely increased. In this country experiments of the same kind have not been very encouraging, although England takes the lead in co-operation for what is called distribution. It is not very easy to account for this difference; but it may be partly explained by the fact that co-operative production is impossible without constant thrift and absolute submission to rule—qualities in which French workmen are more likely to excel than the workmen of England. The form of productive co-operation which seems to have the best chance in England is that which may be established between employers and employed by profit-sharing. On the whole, it is surprising that this plan should have commended itself hitherto to so few capitalists. If employers were expected simply to make a present to their workmen, they might be readily excused for not adopting the scheme; but what is said is that, if profits were shared, workmen would labour more zealously, that more wealth would therefore be produced, and that capitalists would be even better off under the new system than they are now. This appears to be sound reasoning, and, if there is a flaw in it, political economists should lose no time in pointing it out. The Co-operative Congress was not much impressed by the argument that employers are not always prosperous; and that, if the employed are to share profits, they ought to be willing to share losses also.

HAY FEVER.—Persons who suffer from this troublesome complaint, and who therefore are anxious to discover either a preventive or a remedy, will not find anything very novel in Dr. Morell Mackenzie's pamphlet on the subject. We were well aware, for example, that the ailment was not merely due to hay, but also to any other vegetable dust or pollen which is given off by plants at this season of the year. And, on several other points, our experience does not tally with that of Dr. Mackenzie. The near presence of flowers does not appear especially prejudicial; and susceptible persons endure as severe paroxysms in the heart of London as in the suburbs or the country. Some of the greatest sufferers we know are strong healthy persons, with no specially nervous tendency; nor have we observed that women are less often afflicted than men, or that declining years confer immunity. According to our experience, it is, perhaps, more common among town-living than among rural people, but that may be because we know more of the former. We have heard, however, of a farmer who goes sneezing about his own hayfields. His case must be nearly as bad as that of the butcher who fainted at the sight of blood, or the artilleryman who had palpitation of the heart when a gun was fired. But these are frivolities. What we want is a cure, and Dr. Mackenzie and his coadjutors appear unable to provide one. The chemists sell all sorts of infallible remedies, but they have not proved infallible in the cases which have come under our observation. Yes, there is a remedy. Go to sea—mid-ocean is best—and stop there all through the summer. This is really effectual, but then it has the drawback of debarring most of us from earning our living or attending to our ordinary duties.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.—That benevolent Association with the very long name, of which Lord Brabazon is the indefatigable President, has been rebuffed by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who decline to throw open their fields, as those of the Inner Temple do their gardens, for the occasional benefit of London children. Last year, when an agitation was started for the opening of the grounds at Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury explained that no less than twenty-seven cricket clubs were allowed to play in those grounds, and that many families of the neighbourhood had free access to them; so that, in fact, the grounds were semi-public, and did more good in this way than if they were overrun by the population of the district.

This precedent makes one hesitate to blame the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, for it seems that Lincoln's Inn Fields have a small but appreciative public of frequenters who do not wish to share their privilege with the million. But the gardens are so large and fine, and seem so little used on summer evenings, that they might surely be opened for two hours a day three months in the year. The same may be said of several other squares into which nobody ever penetrates. Who walks in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, in Soho Square, in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, or in Hanover Square? *Apparent rari*, the promenaders are so few that these squares and several others may be described as deserts, or rather as too jealously-fenced oases in the wilderness of streets around.



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THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on view at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI." By EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with Commendatore Ciseri's Picture of "CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB," and other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS BY ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is now OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre).

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The Exhibition is within a few minutes' walk of the South Kensington and Gloucester Road Stations of the District and Metropolitan Railways.

AN EXHIBITION of Old Silver, Watches, Snuff-Boxes, Fan, and other Antiquities, will be held on behalf of "THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY" in the District of London, at 30, Cadogan Square, S.W. (by kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Cadogan), on Tuesday, July 1st, from 3 to 7 p.m., and on the three following days from 12 to 7 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Several interesting contributions have already been promised, and Willfrid Cripps, Esq., has been so good as to undertake to superintend the arrangement and labelling of all the articles. Any one who is kindly willing to lend suitable articles for exhibition is requested to write to The Lady Helen Stewart, Esq., Eaton Square, S.W., giving full description of what will be sent, when full particulars will be given as to transmission of the goods, or contributions may be sent at once or at any time up to Monday, June 30th, inclusive, to Messrs. Elkington, 22, Regent Street, W., who are kind enough to promise to send them to the Exhibition, and afterwards to return them to their owners. The Committee of Management, of which Lady Helen Stewart is Chairwoman, will communicate with the Police, and will take every care of whatever is entrusted to them. All articles will be insured during the time for which they are lent.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "JUVENILE LONDON, II.—WEST," by Adrien Marie.



THE SHAKSPEARIAN SHOW

THIS *fête* was held at the Albert Hall on May 29th and succeeding days, in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. Five thousand pounds are needed to pay off a mortgage on the building, and to provide for some other pressing needs of the institution. A previous entertainment given in 1881 produced a net result of 6,000*l.*, and it is to be hoped that the recent Show has been equally successful.

The appearance of the Albert Hall was totally transformed. The area was cleared, and down the centre, running north and south, were erected stages facing outwards towards the stalls, and each exhibiting a scene from one of Shakspeare's plays. The orchestra was occupied by three more Shakspearian scenes, displayed in the form of a triptych. Thus the spectator looked down on a double row of miniature theatres, whose roofs converged till they met in a pedestal supporting a figure of the great dramatist. The Garter Inn, famous in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, stood immediately behind; to the left and right rose the Witches' Cauldron scene from *Macbeth*, and the Forest of Arden; while Shakspeare's house and Anne Hathaway's cottage, with its thatched gables, filled in the background. The spire of Stratford Church towered above all.

The show was opened by the Earl and Countess of Cadogan, in lieu of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At successive blasts from two trumpeters the curtains fell from each theatre in turn, disclosing a *tableau vivant* from some Shakspearian play, such as *As You Like It*, *Richard III.*, *King John*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Merchant of Venice*.

After a few moments' *pose*, the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the *tableaux* descended into the arena, the Shakspeare scenes were transformed into the booths of a fancy fair, and a brisk sale began with the visitors. There was also an exhibition of Shakspearian relics and playbills, a concert, and Shakspearian recitals, illustrated by *tableaux*.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS

SCOTLAND YARD

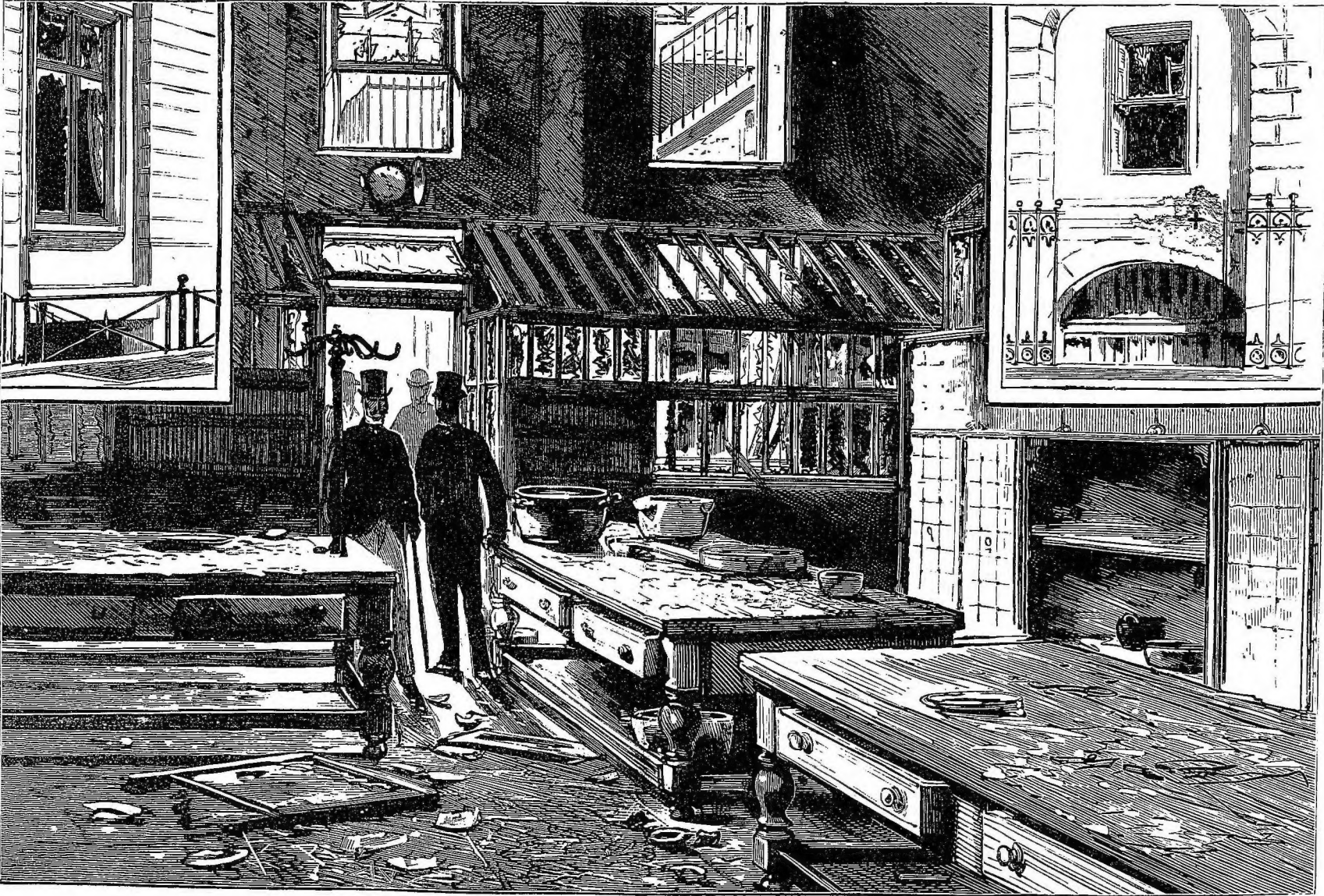
OF the three dynamite explosions of Friday last week the most striking as regards locality, as well as the most destructive, was that in Scotland Yard. It augured great audacity to engage in the perpetration of an outrage of the kind at the very head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police Force, where moreover special vigilance to prevent it had been exerted since the dynamite explosion at the Local Government Board. On the other hand, success in an attempt on the building which is devoted to the use of the detective force would have been a signal triumph of vindictive brutality, and as it happened it was not so difficult of execution as might be supposed. Scotland Yard being a thoroughfare between Whitehall and Northumberland Avenue, it is constantly traversed by numbers of people, and the place, a public convenience, selected for the deposition of the dynamite might be entered by the most questionable-looking character without arousing suspicion. Opposite this opening in the wall at the back of the large building in the centre of the yard, where what must have been a considerable amount of dynamite was deposited, stands the "Rising Sun" public house, as shown in our illustration. The explosion, which, like the two others, occurred as nearly as possible at 7.20 P.M., operated in all directions. Upwards to the first floor the corner of the thick brickwork was blown up, leaving a considerable aperture, and covering that section of the quadrangle with the masses of *debris* depicted in the illustration, while bricks and stones were projected through the building, issuing from the windows on the opposite side. In the



THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION IN GREAT SCOTLAND YARD, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE TO THE OFFICES OF THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT, THE "RISING SUN" PUBLIC HOUSE, AND THE TWO CARRIAGES

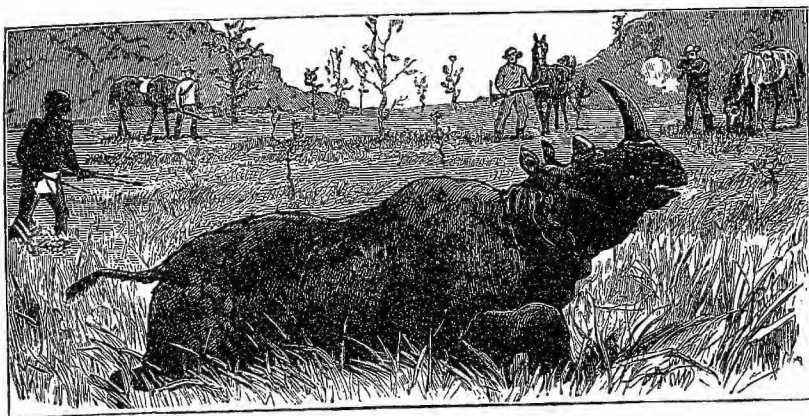
Window at the Junior Carlton Club, Showing the Area into which the Dynamite was Thrown

Window at Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's House—The Spot Marked (x) Shows where the Dynamite was Placed

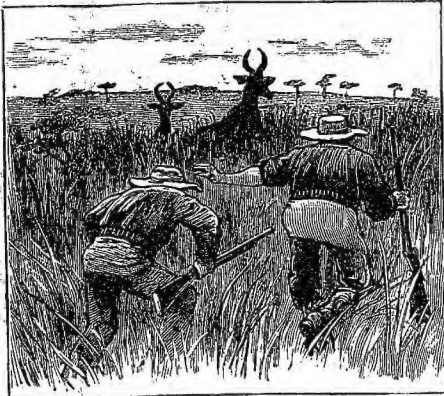


THE EXPLOSION IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE—THE KITCHEN OF THE JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB

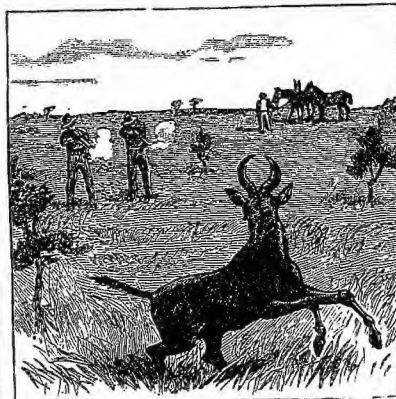
THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES AT THE WEST END OF LONDON



DEATH OF A BLACK RHINOCEROS



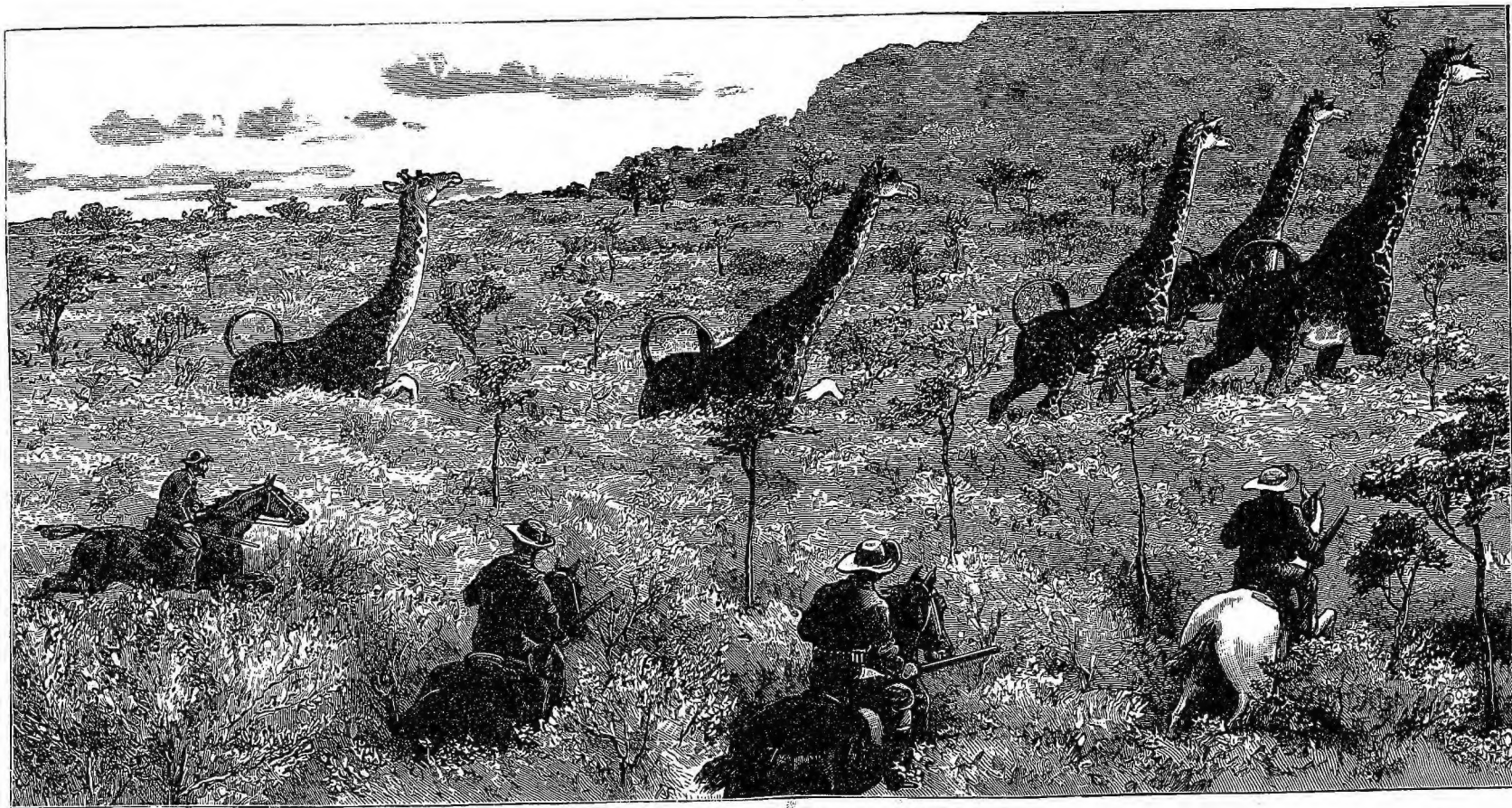
SASSABI HUNTING : STALKING



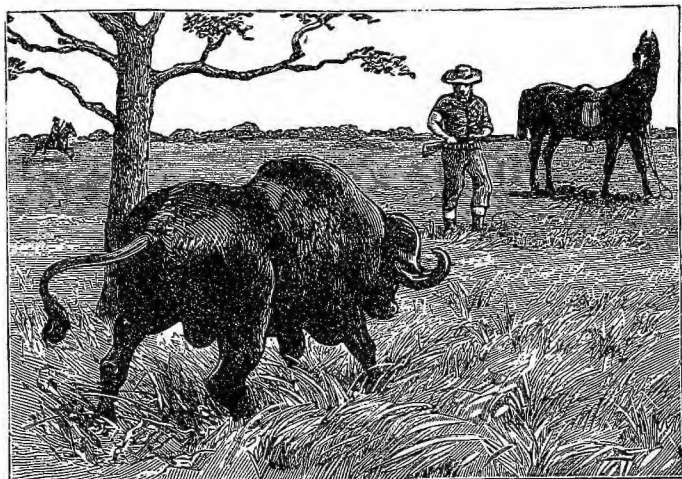
SASSABI HUNTING : LABOUR REWARDED



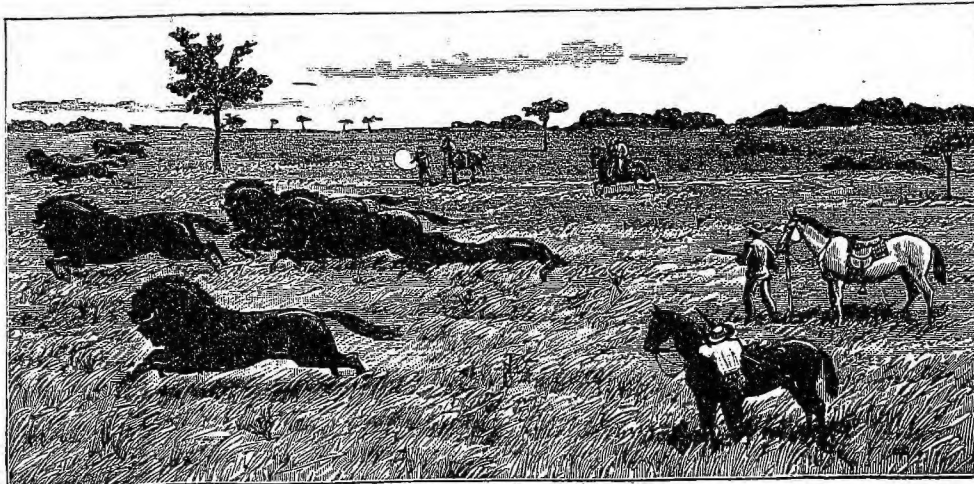
THE MAIN CAMP



GIRAFFE HUNTING : CLOSE QUARTERS



AT BAY



WILDE BEESTE HUNTING

other direction the iron shutter of the convenience was projected with such force as to wreck a portion of the "Rising Sun," smashing every window in it, crumpling up the bar, and hurling about its contents, which in their flight injured the barmaid and several of the customers. Of two vehicles, a brougham and a landau, outside, one was wrecked and the other much damaged. A policeman on duty on the spot was blown across the open space against the wall, and so much injured that he had to be removed to the hospital. Fortunately the offices occupied by the heads of the detective department, though on the first floor, are to the front, on the western side of the building, and they escaped the doom to which the miscreants who planned and executed the outrage had doubtless destined them.

JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB

THE earliest of the three explosions, though the time which separated them is to be measured only by seconds, was that in the area to the back, in St. James's Square, of the Junior Carlton Club, the front of which very handsome edifice is in Pall Mall. There is little doubt that the planners of this outrage intended the destruction of the adjoining house in St. James's Square, Adair House, which, being occupied by the Intelligence Department of the War Office, is a Government building.

However this may be, the miscreant descended the iron steps at the back of the club house, by which servants and tradesmen are admitted, and apparently finding his progress barred by an iron gate, lowered into the area (indicated in our illustration) the dynamite, which in all three cases was exploded, not by clockwork, but by lighted fuses. The explosion burst up the iron stairs and the pavement in the square, broke the windows of the club house and of Adair House, and, shattering the iron-work in the kitchen, severely injured several of the women-servants, the chef himself escaping with the temporary loss of his nightcap. The damage has suspended the use of the kitchen for culinary purposes. There were, of course, at that hour, many members of the Club on the premises dining or otherwise engaged, and it is matter for thankfulness that an explosion so potent in some of its effects did no injury to life, and comparatively little, under the circumstances, to limb.

SIR WATKIN WYNN'S HOUSE

THE other of the three explosions was also in St. James's Square, on the western side. Coming from Pall Mall northwards on that side of the Square the pedestrian has on his right hand, separated from him by a crossing, Adair House, and to the left he passes consecutively the Army and Navy Club, Winchester House, which was formerly the town house of the Bishop of Winchester, but which, like Adair House, has been bought by the Government for the War Office, the mansion of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and beyond it that of the Duke of Cleveland. In this case again it is probable that Winchester House was the objective point of the planners of the outrage, and that either through ignorance or the precipitancy of the perpetrator the explosion was directed against the mansion of Sir W. W. Wynn, who, recovering from a dangerous illness, was an inmate of it at the time. The dynamite had been placed on a ledge just under one of the dining-room windows, as shown in our illustration, and the explosion, while crushing the stone where the first concussion occurred, did comparatively little injury to the house and none to its inmates, while dashing out the window frames and bringing down the mortar of Adair House.

SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA

"LEAVING Spitzkop, a township on the Lydenberg goldfields," writes the artist, "we proceeded in a south-easterly direction, following nearly the course of the Insikazi River—a tributary of the great Krokodil, upon the banks of which we established our main camp. There on rising ground we drew up the waggon under the shade of a large thorn tree, which with the waggon sail made a roomy shelter from the sun's rays. The Scotch cart with its load of blankets was pulled up at the back so as to separate us from the Kaffir camp. As game was plentiful it was not long before the surrounding trees and bushes were hung with festoons of "biltong," or jerked meat cut from rhinoceros, buffalo, antelope, and wild boar, while even lion and tiger flesh had a place in the Kaffir larder. A taxidermist would have revelled in the scene, for the vari-coloured skins were pegged out in all directions, those of the giraffe prominently in the foreground, together with those of grim buffaloes and beautiful leopards. A lion's skin hung on a sapling near by was the terror of our canine crew, who, as the moon rose each night and showed the yellow skin and dark mane of the forest king in full relief, acknowledged its presence with dismal howlings. Horned heads, with skulls nicely whitened by frequent boilings in the huge oomp preserving-pot, recalled scenes of vivid excitement. An ugly wrinkled object hung on the small bush between the two camps—the centre strip of a fine rhinoceros cut lengthways, while strips of the same cut into thicknesses for hide whips were stretched out on another tree. To the right of the sketch is the kraal enclosure for the horses, while behind that again a natural enclosure of large trees required very little alteration to make a secure place for the oxen, cows, and donkeys. Such precautions are necessary in these parts of the country, where lions are tolerably regular night-watchmen.

"One afternoon our Kaffirs told us that during our morning's absence a large rhinoceros had passed close to the waggon. We lost no time in starting after him, and calling him of our best hunting Kaffirs for the spoor, we were soon in hot pursuit. At last the spoor led to a wide flat through an opening of the mountains, at the end of which a patch of dense bush skirted a good stream of water. There the Kaffirs assured us the game was hidden. Dividing our party we entered the bush. The rhinoceros broke immediately, was brought down by a splendid shot, she tried vainly to rise, and a couple more bullets settled her. She measured 11 feet in length.

"The sassabi have a strong element of curiosity in their nature, so that while capable of distancing the best horses, they can never run far without wishing to turn round and have a look. You can thus generally secure a good shot, as also indeed by careful stalking. They are hard to kill, however, as they will carry away a great number of bullets. In our sketch of 'Labour Rewarded,' the sassabi bull depicted was a very fine specimen.

"A troop of giraffes at home is a noble sight, and to a sportsman following them on horseback the interest is deepened, as the giraffes, all legs and neck, scarcely appear to be moving, while in reality they are covering the ground at a tremendous pace. They slowly swing their necks from side to side, like a ship rolling on a long steady swell, and carry their long tails curled up over their flanks. They acknowledge a shot with a whisk of their tails and by increasing their pace, which down hill is exceedingly rapid. Up hill, however, they are speedily overtaken. Giraffes do not put out their top speed until after the first few shots are fired, so it is always well to ride well up and make sure of a good shot. It is surprising how easily they can be lost sight of in the dense 'kameel doorus' on which they feed; and the hunter should never drop more than a hundred yards behind, or he will probably have said good-bye to his quarry. The old bull, who is running out in front of the four cows, and who is of a much darker colour than they, had ten bullets in his body, and then led us seven miles on his spoor before he gave in. The flesh of the cow giraffe is excellent; that of the bull, however, is coarse and rank. The tongue is a great delicacy.

"There are two kinds of that curious antelope, the 'wilde-beeste,' in South Africa, the blue and the black, respectively natives of the bush and high 'Veldts.' The 'gnu,' as it is scientifically termed, is very fierce-looking; but its looks belie its character, as even when wounded it rarely turns upon the hunter. Chasing wilde-beestes on good horses over an open country is fine sport. For a long time after the hunter first spurts up to them they will play about with one another as they run; but they eventually settle down to such a break-neck pace that it requires a good horse to do anything with them. When struck in a vital part, they get away with an incredible number of bullets, and even when shot through and through, and left for dead, they frequently rise and escape.

"By many South African sportsmen, the gaur, or South African buffalo, is considered the most dangerous of all animals. Their pursuit is certainly often attended with much danger, as they are in the habit of hiding themselves in patches of long grass, bushes, or reeds, when wounded, and charging out madly upon the passer-by. They are not easily killed by a forehead shot, owing to the covering afforded by their massive horns. But we had an old steady hand with us, who was 'too many' for the buffalo, and so even the ugly-looking customer who stood 'at bay' under the tree had eventually to bite the dust."

SLAVES TAKEN FROM A DHOW CAPTURED BY I.M.S. "UNDINE"

THIS engraving is from a photograph of some slaves captured by I.M.S. *Undine* in July last. They had been kidnapped 200 miles south of Madagascar, brought down to the coast, and shipped to Johanna. In all there were 120 of them; and, as the slave-dhow was only 63 tons, they had to be packed like sardines. They were so cramped by this treatment, in addition to being ill-fed, that only about twenty were able to walk on board.

THE NEW STEAMSHIP "AMERICA"

THIS new vessel has been built for the National Line for their Transatlantic service by Messrs. Thomson, of Clyde Bank, near Glasgow. She is 450 feet long by 51 feet beam, and her depth is 38 feet 6 inches, with a gross tonnage of 6,000 tons. She is built of steel, with all the latest improvements, is brig-rigged, is fitted up with the electric light and all modern conveniences, and is expected to attain a speed of twenty knots, or nearly twenty-one miles an hour. The chief feature of the *America*, however, is the Grand Saloon—a splendid apartment extending from side to side of the vessel, a width of 51 feet. Moreover its size and height are considerably increased by a magnificent ornamental glass dome, said to be a patent of the builders, and to have been used for the first time in this vessel. Rising in the centre to a height of nineteen feet, the dome is supported the entire length of the saloon by massive carved pillars, terminating in a gallery at the end leading to the music room, adjacent to which is a ladies' boudoir and a special saloon and smoking-room attached for gentlemen. The designs of the windows, which are of stained glass, represent the principal countries of the world, and the multi-coloured rays of light greatly add to the general effect of the handsome fittings of the saloon, the surroundings of which are all in wainscot oak, and the ceilings in "Lincrusta." The *America* carries 300 saloon passengers, and steerage accommodation is also provided on a large scale. She will be commanded by Captain Grace, the commodore of the "National" fleet.

SIR BARTLE FRERE

THIS distinguished statesman and administrator died at his residence, Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon, on the 29th May, after an illness protracted over several months, and borne with the utmost patience and resignation.

The Freres belong to East Anglia, where they have been prominent for several generations, but Sir Bartle was born in Wales on March 29th, 1815. He was the son of Mr. Edward Frere, and nephew of Mr. John Hookham Frere, Canning's friend. He was educated first at Bath Grammar School, and then at Haileybury. At the entrance examination he narrowly escaped failure, yet worked with such energy that in 1833 he passed as the foremost student into the East India Company's Civil Service.

Though a studious he was also an adventurous youth. He resolved to go to India by the Overland Route, which was then practically undiscovered, though a Mr. Irwin had come home that way some fifty years before. The magnates in Leadenhall Street granted the required permission, and the young civilian, now only nineteen, reached Bombay after a series of adventures which one reads of with envy in these humdrum days of regular steam-packet services.

Young Frere mastered several of the native languages with extraordinary rapidity, and soon made himself a name as an administrator in the Mahratta region. By the system which he introduced a body of wretched, depressed labourers was converted into a thriving, independent peasantry, and his revenue arrangements were afterwards adopted in other parts of India.

He then became private secretary to Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, whose second daughter he married in 1844. This lady survives him, and to her unfailing graciousness has been due much of her husband's success and popularity.

In 1847 he succeeded Sir James Outram as Resident at Sattara, a very important post; and in 1850 he became Chief Commissioner of Scinde. Returning in 1857 from England, after a brief holiday, he heard at Kurrachee of the outbreak of the great Mutiny. During this critical period he behaved with singular vigour and decision, boldly denuding his own province of his most trustworthy troops, in order that they might be employed elsewhere, where they were urgently needed. This policy was most successful. He was made a K.C.B., and twice received the thanks of Parliament.

After this he became successively Finance Minister at Calcutta and Governor of Bombay. In the latter position he performed many works of utility and beneficence. In 1867 his official career in India closed, he returned home, and was presently made a member of the Indian Council.

In 1872 he went to Zanzibar to negotiate an Anti-Slavery Treaty with the Sultan of that region; in 1875 he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour; and in 1877 he was appointed to the Cape of Good Hope. Here, after forty years of uninterrupted success, he was destined to fail. Perhaps he would not have failed if he had been heartily supported at home in his scheme for constructing a powerful South African Confederation. But his plans involved expense, and the British taxpayer dreads the name of South Africa. The policy which inaugurated the Zulu War and the annexation of the Transvaal, if vigorously carried out, might have proved a magnificent success. But Sir Bartle's plans were thwarted by democratic apathy at home, and hence England is distinctly in a worse position as regards South Africa than she was seven years ago.

After his return home Sir Bartle Frere continued to take great interest in South African subjects, and wrote many letters and articles defending the views which he had endeavoured to carry out while in office.

He was probably one of the last, and certainly not the least, of the great Proconsuls who have made the British name famous in India. Such men spring from an aristocratic society, and necessarily have autocratic instincts. What with the electric wire running from Downing Street in every direction, and the increase of the democratic element, this breed of statesmen—a noble breed, in spite of

some faults—will soon be extinct.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside and Regent Street.

DR. GOODFORD

THE REV. CHARLES OLD GOODFORD, D.D., Provost of Eton College, died at the Lodge, Eton, on the 9th ult. He was born at Chilton Cantelo, near Ilchester, in 1812, and was educated as a "colleger" at Eton, whence he passed in due course to King's, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree in 1836. He was ordained Deacon in 1843, and in 1844 married Katharine Lucia, third daughter of Mr. George Law, of Lincoln's Inn. He was for several years an Assistant-Master of Eton College, and held the Head Mastership from 1853 to 1862, when he was promoted to the Provostship of the College in the place of Dr. Hawtrey. Dr. Goodford was a kindly, amiable man, of conservative instincts as regards changes in the school routine. In 1854 he edited an edition of the *Comedies of Terence*. He had held the family living of Chilton Cantelo with Ashington since 1848, and was a magistrate for Somerset. He has left a large family.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

A FANCY DRESS BAZAAR

THE bazaar depicted in our sketches was got up in a rural district to furnish a fund for the restoration of the parish church. There is nothing remarkable about this—bazaars have been organised for church repairs in all sorts of localities during the last forty years. But the promoters of such schemes are gradually getting more ambitious. Formerly they were content to cajole customers in their own ordinary dresses, but now, fired by the example of peasant and other festivals in the great metropolis, they have gone in for more daring flights, and they make, as the old Cornish woman said, "miracle-plays of themselves," by adopting various picturesque or *bizarre* costumes. We are all children, of larger or smaller growth; we are all, either openly or secretly, fond of "dressing-up," so, as it hurts nobody and amuses the spectators, we cry, "Success to the Fancy Dress Bazaar, and may the clergyman always secure as fat a bag of spoil as the worthy rector is handling in our picture!"

JAPANESE EMBASSY TO COREA

MUCH attention of late years has been attracted to this little peninsula. Though nominally a semi-dependency of China, to whom it pays tribute, Korea is nevertheless autonomous, and governed by its own sovereign. The chief characteristic of the Koreans is their intense exclusiveness, which quite equals that of the Chinese and Japanese in past ages. They hate the "foreign devils" with the utmost fervour, and only in 1876 were they persuaded to introduce the thin edge of the wedge by a treaty with Japan, and subsequently with the United States and England. This change of policy, it is generally thought, was inaugurated by Li Hung Chang, who saw that Russia had long cast loving eyes on Korea, and wished accordingly to create an international interest in the country. He accordingly persuaded the King to conclude these treaties, but the populace, who knew nothing of the wiles of foreign diplomacy, were absolutely opposed to all attempts to introduce the "outer barbarian" into the charmed circle of Korean commerce. Thus in August, 1882, an insurrection burst out at Seone, the capital, under the leadership of Dai In Kun, the King's uncle; the Queen and several Ministers were murdered, the King's life, however, being spared; while the Japanese Ambassador, Hanabusa, and his suite, represented in our engraving, were attacked by the mob, compelled to fly to another town, and put to sea, being rescued while afloat in a wretched junk off the Korean coast by Captain Hoskyn, of H.M.S. *Flying Fish*. Owing to this outbreak, there seemed every probability of a war breaking out between Japan and Korea, where, indeed, the insurrection was mainly due to the intense hatred of the Japanese, but the matter was eventually temporarily settled by the promise of a pecuniary indemnity. Still there is yet much ill-feeling extant between the two countries, which it would only need a development of complications in the Far East to fan into a flame. Such a complication, through the jealousy of European nations, may arise at any time.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

THE scheme, so ably promoted by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and other influential persons, of establishing a College of Music, resulted in the presentation, by Sir Charles J. Frenke, of a handsome building, previously used by the National Training School of Music, for the purposes of such an institution. It is situated in Kensington Gore, near the Royal Albert Hall, and was formally opened by H.R.H. on May 7 of last year, the ceremony being fully illustrated in our issue of May 19. It is gratifying to learn that, during the twelve months which have elapsed, the College has produced many efficient pupils, thus realising the fondest hopes of the founders.

In the building there are twelve class rooms, in which instruction is given in vocal and instrumental music, each class being under the immediate direction of a distinguished musical professor. No student is admitted for a term of less than twelve months. Several scholarships have been founded, many of which include maintenance. There are seven lodging-houses licensed by the College, accommodating forty-two pupils. These houses are under the inspection of a committee of ladies, and are also personally superintended by the College Director, Sir George Grove, D.C.L. At the end of each term an examination is held by the Director and Members of the Board of Professors, the result of which determines the position in the College of the pupils at the beginning of each term. In addition to the College accommodation, the use of rooms in the Albert Hall has also been granted, for choral and instrumental purposes.

An interesting feature in connection with the institution is the library of musical works, consisting of several thousand volumes. This collection is mainly due to the generosity of Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and it has since been considerably augmented by the valuable addition of the library of the Society of Antient Concerts (the gift of Her Majesty), and of that of the late Sacred Harmonic Society.

Arrangements are now being made by the Council for the appearance at public concerts of some of the more advanced pupils, thus testifying to the success of the institution, and bringing more clearly into notice the soundness of the method of musical education which it adopts.

THE "KING COUNTRY," NEW ZEALAND, II.

See page 553.

JUVENILE LONDON, II.—WEST

THIS is the second series of M. Adrien Marie's sketches of child-life in London. They call for no particular remark. Except the drawings of the juvenile equestrians in jockey caps, and the group of well-dressed little patricians on the banks of the Serpentine, there is nothing in this collection which especially appertains to Western London. Indeed, according to the usually accepted view, a Blue Coat boy belongs distinctly to the City, his *habitat* being close to the Metropolitan Meat Market, but he and his fellows are to be seen sporting their yellow stockings all over the town on Wednesday afternoons, and his quaint costume would naturally attract the eye of a foreign artist who descried him for the first time in Piccadilly.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 557.

THE HORSE SHOW—PONIES IN THE RING

THE Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall contained a somewhat larger number of entries than usual this season, but, either owing to the Whitsun holidays, or to the tedious process of judging, an operation highly interesting to owners and riders, but terribly wearisome to the general public, the attendance during the first few days was somewhat scanty. As soon as the leaping contests began, however, people began to flock in, and on Tuesday afternoon the Hall was fairly thronged. The entries this year amounted to 434, against 374 last year, and the number of classes had been increased by two. The hunters were first judged on Saturday—the best horses being undoubtedly Mr. Andrew Brown's Grenadier and Mr. J. Rutherford's Shamrock—the last a fine bay gelding, which took the champion prize. Mr. J. Robinson's black chestnut mare, Princess, which took the prize in weight-carrying hacks not exceeding 15½ hands, was also a very noticeable animal—the same owner's Apology carried off the prize in the cob class on Monday. The pony class—always a favourite—numbered thirty-two. Captain Samuel Moreton Thomas's bay carried off first prize, Mrs. Henry Frisby's Canary being second, and Mr. Alfred Lewis's Merry Legs third. But as we have said the leaping contests excited by far the greatest interest, and here the ponies came out admirably. In them the first prize was carried off by Mr. James Dolby's Little Wonder, which was splendidly ridden by young Burdon. "The ease and temper, both of horse and man," writes a contemporary, "was simply delightful to see. Little Wonder flew the hedge like a bird, topped the gate like a greyhound, popped in and out the bullfinch like a frog, and skimmed the pool like a dragon-fly." Indeed, one of the prettiest sights of the whole Show is the display of these little animals, who, despite their diminutive size, often show a temper and determination amid their new and strange surroundings which completely non-plus their riders. The cry of "Ponies in the ring!" is always sure to excite a manifest feeling of interest and expectation amongst the spectators. While frequently as obstinate as the proverbial mule, and almost as tricky, the pony, from its pretty innocent appearance, is an invariable favourite with all classes. To return to the Show itself, there was a very fair display of harness horses, and a far better collection than usual of carriages, much attention being attracted to Captain Floyd's improved hansom with its hood-shaped glazed front, which can be raised or lowered by the driver in compliance with an electric signal from the inmate. There is also an ingenious contrivance for locking the folding apron by standing down a walking stick or umbrella.



THE FIGURE OF HER MAJESTY, which is to be placed on the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, will probably, it is said, be executed by the Princess Louise.

MR. GLADSTONE has intimated, through his secretary, that he had "no connection whatever with the article signed 'G.' on England's Foreign Policy, in the *Fortnightly Review* for June," of which the authorship, direct or indirect, was ascribed to him. The Premier's health has been much improved by his sojourn at Hawarden.

THE NEW EARL OF SEAFIELD, a Scotch peer, has been made a Peer of the United Kingdom, with the title of Baron Strathspey.

THE "ORONTES" TROOPSHIP arrived on Tuesday at Portsmouth from Alexandria, with the officers and men wounded in the action at Tama.

LORD SALISBURY opened an oratorical campaign in Devonshire on Wednesday by delivering two political speeches at Plymouth. In the first he hinted that the Government was neglecting the navy, and spoke with some apprehension of tales of strained relations with great naval Powers at no great distance from our shores. In the second, and much longer speech, he began by dwelling on the importance of local Conservative organisations, and expressed a strong wish for an appeal to the constituencies, whose verdict, however, would not turn on a difference between the two Houses of Parliament, but on the whole policy of the Government. As regarded the fate of the Franchise Bill in the Upper House, he indicated somewhat suggestively his fear that the Peers would on that question subordinate their own sense of what was right to an imagined public opinion. Reviewing the history of the Government, and beginning with Ireland, he wondered, since according to Mr. Gladstone the Clerkenwell explosion had produced the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, what institution the Premier was going to sacrifice as an answer to the recent dynamite outrages. The imbrolio in Egypt he ascribed to the want of united convictions in the Ministry. We ought not to leave Egypt without giving it a government that might to some extent supply the place of that which we had wantonly destroyed. But even then England must remain the paramount Power in Egypt just as it was paramount over native States in India, without interfering in a general way with their internal administration. We ought to avoid a policy of adventure. But our Empire, if we mean it to live, must grow, must steadily grow. If it ceases to grow, it will begin to decay.

THE ANNUAL MEETING at Reading on Tuesday of the Moveable Committee of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, consisting of some 400 delegates, was followed by a dinner, at which Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Goschen were present and spoke. Referring to the recent dynamite outrages, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre asked how it was that such people as Mr. O'Donovan Rossa and Mr. Patrick Ford were permitted in a friendly country to advertise for funds for outrages of this kind, and to proclaim a campaign of dynamite. This, he said, was a question which he had a right to ask. In proposing success to the Manchester Unity, Mr. Goschen reiterated his protest against State Socialism, and especially against the working classes, expressing the hope that those whom he addressed would not permit it. He also protested against the new scheme for making insurance compulsory.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION of Somersetshire agricultural labourers and others in favour of household suffrage in counties was held on Monday at Montacute, near Yeovil. A resolution was agreed to denying the truth of the statement that the agricultural labourers had not asked for an extension of the suffrage to them, and calling for the passing of the Franchise Bill during the present Session of Parliament. A prominent part in the proceedings was taken by a Miss Jessie Craigen, who advocated the nationalisation of the land and of mines, adding that capital would have to be broken down as well as the landed interest, and afterwards moving a resolution, which was not in the programme, but was carried by a large majority, in favour of both manhood and womanhood suffrage.

PRESIDING AT THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS of members and friends of the Co-operative Societies of the United Kingdom, Mr. Sedley Taylor, in his opening address, strongly recommended the introduction of the "profit-sharing" system into most branches of industry, as that best calculated to stimulate the exertions of the employed, and to establish permanently amicable relations, based on reciprocal advantage, between them and their employers. He threw out the suggestion that the leaders of the co-operative movement might apply for a Royal Commission to collect information on the subject from various quarters, and referred to the important position which, both in theory and practice, the profit-sharing system was attaining in France.

BY A MAJORITY of 21 to 6, and in accordance with a resolution previously recorded in this column, the Metropolitan Board of Works agreed at its last meeting to petition the House of Commons against the London Government Bill.

AT THE LAST MEETING of the London School Board, a proposal made by the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., for the establishment of a certain number of free schools in the poorer parts of the metropolis, was rejected, in favour of the previous question, by a large majority.

THE FAIR SEX has achieved a fresh academic triumph through the result of the examination for the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge. A lady student of Newnham figures in Class I., while as regards the male candidates it is a blank.

AT THE TENTH ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION in favour of the Claimant in Hyde Park on Whit Monday, Mrs. Weldon was conspicuous in a carriage, in which she was accompanied by his son, a youth of seventeen. She moved in a characteristic speech a resolution affirming the Claimant to be Sir Roger Tichborne, and after it was carried her youthful companion briefly addressed the gathering.

IN AN IMPORTANT LETTER to Lord Arthur Hill, Earl Spencer, through his secretary, intimates that when a public meeting has not been prohibited by the Irish Executive, he will not allow a counter-demonstration to be held on the same day, and in the same neighbourhood, though, if not otherwise objectionable, it will be permitted if held at a time and place which will not bring hostile bodies into close proximity.

IN A CIRCULAR issued by Lord Brabourne, as Chairman of the Council of the Association of Railway Shareholders, the new powers to be conferred on the Railway Commissioners by Mr. Chamberlain's Railway Bill are strenuously protested against as constituting an unjust interference with the rights of shareholders. The circular states that out of 400,000 owners of railway property in the United Kingdom, there are, it is estimated, 300,000 Parliamentary electors, and, it adds, "it will be their own fault if they allow themselves to be plundered of their legal rights."

SIR JOSEPH PEASE, M.P., unveiled at Middlesborough, on Monday, with an appropriate address, a statue of the late Mr. John Vaughan, of the well-known firm of Bolckow and Vaughan, the virtual founder of the great iron industry of Cleveland, the richness of which district in iron ore he was the first to discover.

IN VIEW OF THE GREAT INCREASE OF SMALL POX IN THE METROPOLIS, the Metropolitan Asylums Board have decided, at a special meeting, to take over the hospital of the Poplar Local Board for the use of East End patients, to open an hospital-camp at Finchley to provide for North London cases, and to purchase additional land at Darenth for the formation there of a second hospital-camp.

ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, through the breaking of the coupling between the van and the first carriage of an ordinary passenger train, tolerably filled, on the Salisbury and Wimborne branch of the London and South-Western Railway, the carriages, without the engines, went off the rails while passing over a bridge across the Avon, between Downton and Breamore. The train, which was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, proceeded a hundred yards, and then rushed down an embankment, carriage crashing over carriage, into a small stream and the fields beyond it. Four persons were killed, three of whom were ladies, and others were injured, some of them severely.

A FIRE BROKE OUT AT THE EAST END AQUARIUM, in Shore-ditch, on Wednesday morning, and in addition to much other damage a number of birds and animals, among the latter a North American bear and a Siberian wolf, were burned to death. The damage done is estimated at about 5,000*l.*, the animals alone being valued at 1,000*l.*

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of the eighth Lord Farnham, in his eighty-first year; of Lord Claud Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Abercorn, successively Treasurer of the Household and Vice-Chamberlain to Her Majesty, and formerly one of the Conservative members for County Tyrone, in his seventy-second year; of Mr. J. H. Palmer, Q.C., M.P., Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, who from 1868 to 1874, and again from 1880 to his death, was the Liberal representative of Lincoln City in the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself as a Law reformer, in his seventy-sixth year; of the Very Rev. E. R. Mantell, Dean of Stamford, in his eighty-sixth year; of Dr. Tweedie, formerly physician at the Foundling Hospital, and long a successful physician in London, author of various valuable contributions to the literature of medicine, in his ninetieth year; of Mr. William George Catermole, Yeoman of Her Majesty's Royal Body Guard, one of the heroes of the Balaklava Charge, from which he was the last man of his regiment to return, at the age of sixty-four; of Major-General St. George Mervyn Nugent, who, as a lieutenant in the 29th Regiment, served throughout the Sikh campaign of 1845, and was very severely wounded at Sobroon. Among the important posts which he afterwards filled, was that of Quartermaster-General of the Army in North America, and of Chief of the Staff at Malta, where he addressed in their own tongues the Indian troops ordered thither by Lord Beaconsfield, when a war with the Russians was threatened, in which he would have commanded a brigade of the expeditionary force. A memoir of Sir Bartle Frere, who died last week, will be found in another column.

THE MEDIEVAL MARKET, to be held in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, at Knightsbridge, on June 18, 19, and 20, will be one of the most brilliant *fetes* of the season. It is to be opened by the Princess Louise, and there is a long list of fashionable patrons and stall-holders. The Medieval Market will be on the lines of the Lilliputian Fair, and will include all the features which are now expected at these great charity *fetes*. The Medieval Market is held in aid of the fund to buy and enlarge the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf at Ealing.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY is now the chief aim of most of our charitable schools and societies, and the usual appeals pour in for help to this deserving cause. The East London Mission, which is working hard among the courts and alleys of Wapping, Limehouse, &c., begs for aid to take 600 of the poorest children for a breath of fresh air. Contributions to be sent to the Honorary Superintendent, Mr. Hopkins, 263, Cable Street, St. George's, E.—The Tower Street Mission Schools, Seven Dials, pleads for a trip to Epping Forest for 900 little ones. Funds received by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. P. Frolich, 10, Sackville Street, W.—Lord Shaftesbury appeals on behalf of the Ragged School Union, which this year wishes not only to give a day's change to many ragged children, but to afford a fortnight's change to sick and convalescent little ones. Donations to be sent to the Union, Exeter Hall, Strand.



THE BERLIN ACADEMY OF ARTS keeps its centenary next year, and intends to hold a jubilee exhibition of works by all painters who have been members of the Academy during the century.

A BABY TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS has been caught in British Burmah, and is regarded as great a wonder as the famed white elephant. It was seen with its mother on the hills of the Bassein district, and, though the parent escaped, a party of Karens secured the little one, which is intended for the Calcutta Zoological Gardens. Unfortunately, this zoological treasure suffers from a bad and obstinate temper.

TRAVELLING WEATHER FORECASTS have been introduced in Canada for the benefit of agriculturists. The morning trains from the chief towns are provided with a good working system of weather signals, consisting of discs arranged to display a sun, moon, or star. The sun indicates fine weather, the moon local showers, and the star general rain, while these signals are easily distinguished as the train rushes through country districts, and serve to warn farmers who are too far distant from town to obtain necessary weather information in good time.

THE PARSEE GIRL OF THE PERIOD is coming very much to the front in India, and orthodox natives are beginning to lament that their womenkind are now far too Europeanised by the spread of education, &c., and have lost all their original charm. And now one Parsee damsel has actually so far followed British customs as to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage—the first of its kind among her race—much to native scandal. Another proof of the enfranchisement of Eastern women is the arrival at Philadelphia, U.S., of a young Chinese lady of high rank, who has come over to study medicine with a view of practising in her own country.

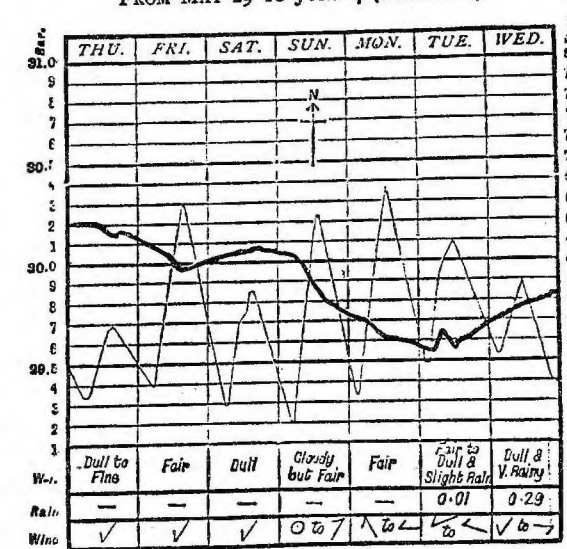
THE "INDEPENDENT ARTISTS" IN PARIS are in great glee at their Salon having been virtually officially recognised by the State, as the Government has bought a piece of sculpture, and the Paris municipal authorities intend to purchase several works. The Independents maliciously point out, also, as a damaging proof of the quality of the regular Salon this year, that the jury have awarded neither the customary "Medal of Honour" nor any first medals whatever. Meanwhile, one unlucky sculptor has hanged himself in despair because his works were refused by the Salon proper, and, when exhibited at the Independents, were completely ignored by the art critics.

A CURIOUS OLD ROMAN CUSTOM still prevails on Ascension Day, even in these modern times of scepticism. Devout Romans believe that, before ascending to Heaven, our Lord on that morning blesses all the houses which may be left open. So they leave a window open on the previous night, and place on the sill water, a lighted candle, and eggs—which must have been laid on Good Friday. If on Ascension morning the eggs are found covered with wax, then Christ has blessed the house, and no sickness nor misfortune will affect it during the year. This is a pleasant Ascension custom than the Roman children's practice of fastening unlucky black beetles to a lighted lucifer match, and singing a special song while the wretched insects try to run away from the fire.

THAT GALLIC DOMESTIC TYRANT, the French *concierge*, who rules the house with an iron hand, sometimes finds his match, according to a story in the Paris *Figaro*. One particularly severe Parisian *concierge* lately forbade all lodgers in the house to keep dogs, cats, children, or pianos—a prohibition strongly opposed by one gentleman who had lived there for ten years, and owned a favourite cat and dog. He gave notice to quit, and as the *concierge* exacted a fortnight's notice, the lodger contracted with a professional rat-catcher to bring him a certain number of rats daily during the fortnight. He only handed up his key and left, while on the next day the *concierge* went to inspect the vacated apartments. On opening the door he found a vast colony of rats inhabiting the rooms, and all efforts to dislodge them were of no avail. Since then the rats have increased and multiplied, they have invaded the rest of the house and driven away the lodgers, and finally the landlord has turned the *concierge* out of his situation.

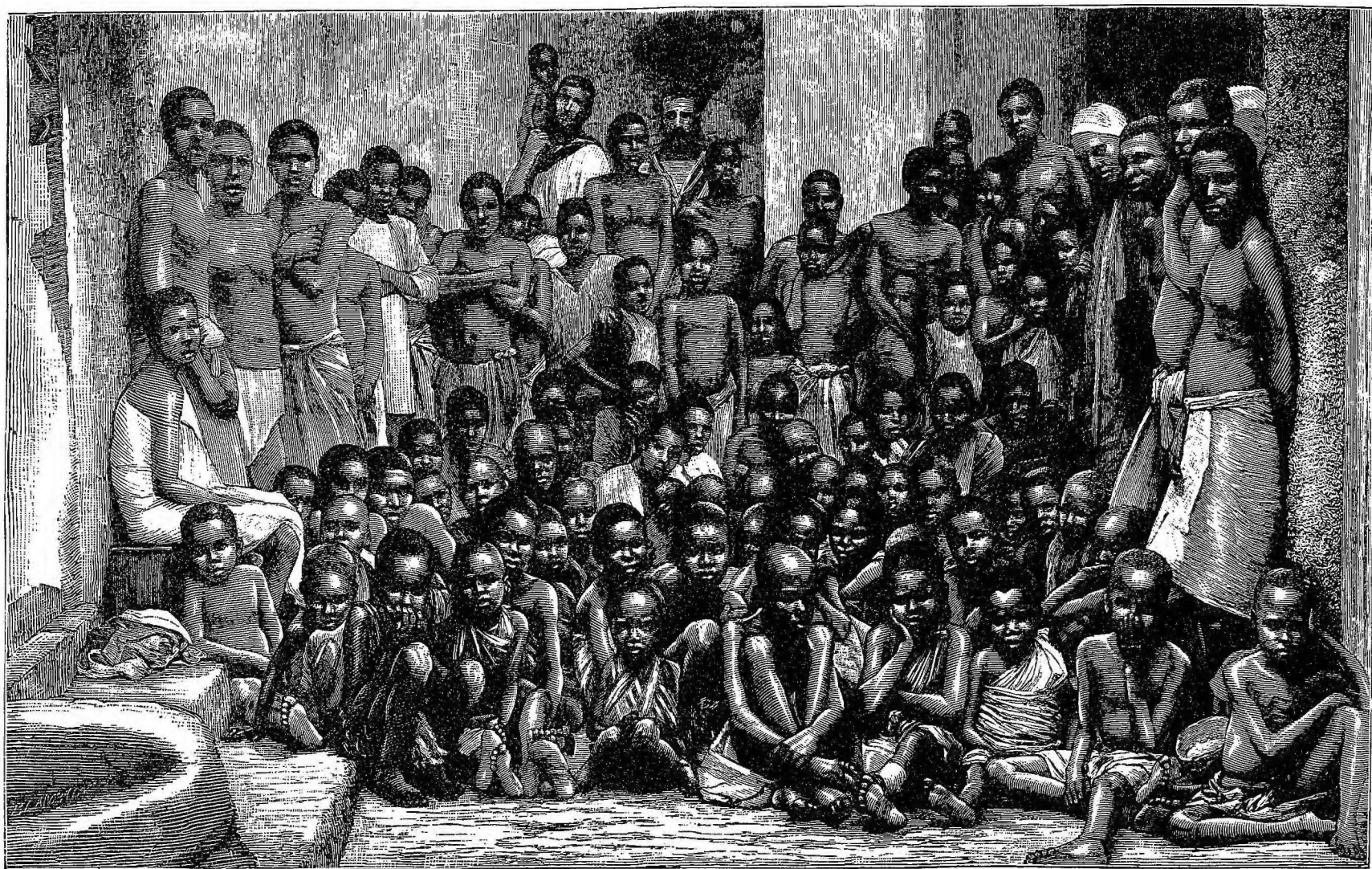
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MAY 29 TO JUNE 4 (INCLUSIVE).

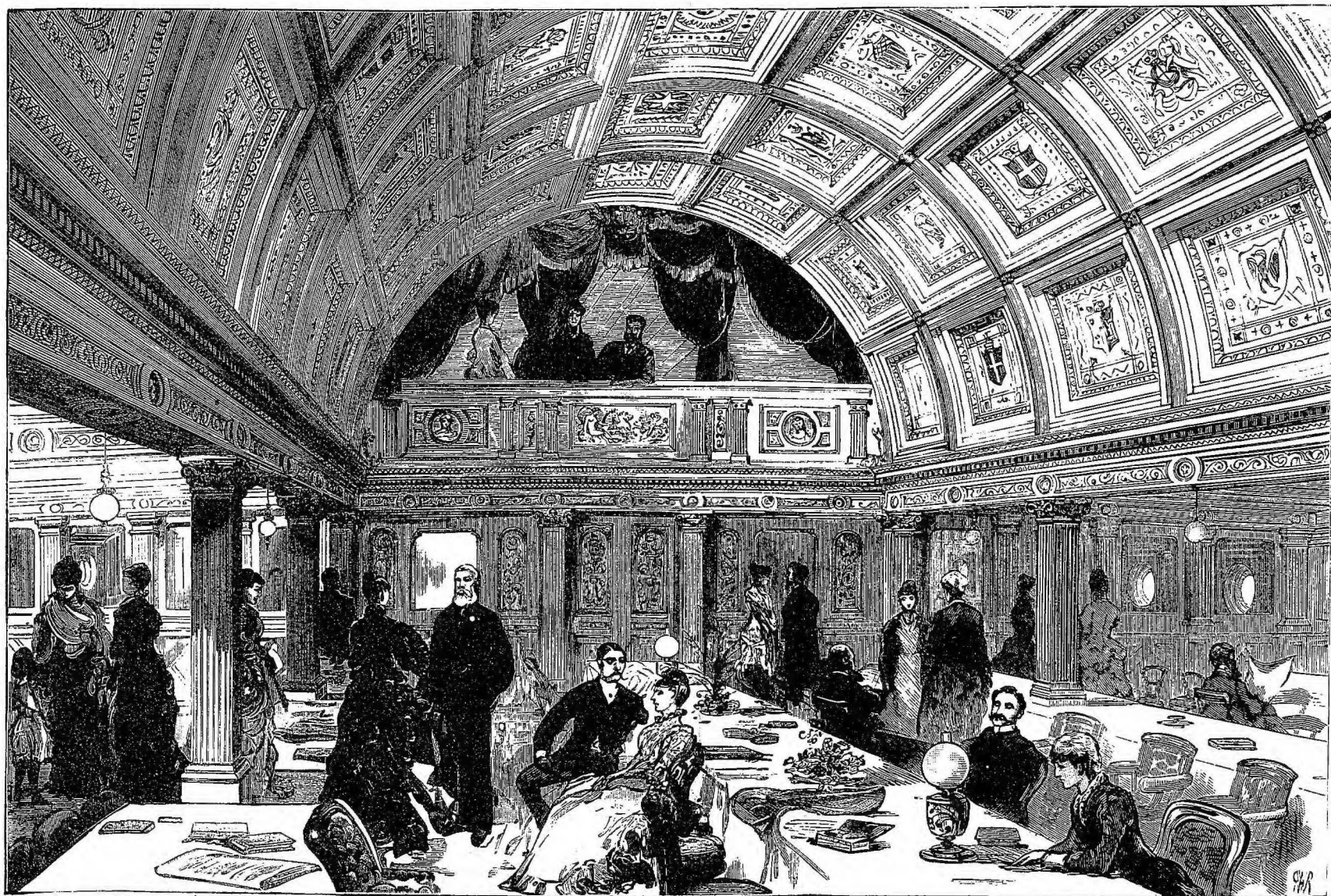


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The past week opened with dull and cloudy weather generally, but during the latter part of the period tolerably bright skies were experienced, except in the south of England, where cloud again worked up, and some rain fell. The area of high pressure noticed last week over Scotland continued to hold its position till Saturday (31st ult.), after which it dispersed, and depressions appeared off our northern and western coasts, travelling northerly, while one which lay near the Bristol Channel on Monday (2nd inst.) moved across the country in an easterly direction. During the first three days of the period over-cast skies were reported very generally, with light north-easterly airs and calms, and a complete absence of rain, except in the Shetlands, where a trifling amount was registered. By Sunday morning (31st inst.) a brisk fall of the barometer had set in (see diagram) generally, and the wind shifted to the southward or south-westward at both places, with a decided clearance in the sky. After the disturbance, which travelled from the neighbourhood of the Bristol Channel (mentioned above), had passed away to the eastward of our islands, a recovery in the barometer occurred, and fine weather was experienced at all but our southern stations, where cloud prevailed, with rain in a few places. Temperature has been generally low for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.22 inches) on Thursday (29th ult.); lowest (29.57 inches) on Tuesday (31st inst.); range, 0.65 inch. Temperature was highest (67°) on Monday (2nd inst.); lowest (44°) on Sunday (31st inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.30 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.29 inch, on Wednesday (4th inst.).



THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE—SLAVES TAKEN FROM A DHOW CAPTURED BY H.M.S. "UNDINE"



THE SALOON OF THE S.S. "AMERICA," THE NEW SHIP OF THE "NATIONAL" LINE



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BARTLE EDWARD FREERE,
BART., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.
Born March, 1815. Died May 29, 1884



REV. CHARLES OLD GOODFORD, D.D.
Provost of Eton. Born 1812. Died May 9, 1884



A FANCY DRESS BAZAAR IN THE COUNTRY

FOREIGN

THE news from EGYPT is of very little better tenour this week. The Governor of Dongola, who appears to be a man of some energy, has himself gained some small successes, and telegraphs that the siege of Berber has been raised, and that the rebels in that district are dispersing. Majors Kitchener and Rundell, however, have made a reconnaissance from Korosko to inspect the outposts which have been established on the road to Abu Hamed, and their reports are scarcely as enthusiastic. According to Sheikh Saleh, whom they had sent on in advance, the rebels are in force near Abu Hamed, and the various rebel chiefs are gradually advancing northwards. A post-office clerk also, who has escaped from Abu Hamed, states that the rebels have taken possession of that town, and that a Governor has been appointed by the Mahdi. At Suakim the desultory fighting continues. On Sunday the rebels made an attack in force, but were received with a formidable fire from the forts and ships, while reinforcements were at once landed to support the garrison. The rebels retired with the loss of only two men, our casualties being *nil*. From Khartoum there is no news, and even the inevitable rumours are fewer than usual. From Cairo come complaints of the diminished *prestige* of England, and the consequent increase of French influence, so that Nubar Pasha and Zebahr are now looking to M. Camille Barrère and to France for support against British rule. Meanwhile an official Egyptian representative has been appointed in the person of Tigrane Pasha, an Armenian, who married Nubar Pasha's daughter last Sunday in Paris.

IN FRANCE the Three Years' Military Service Bill has been further discussed in the Chamber, which has declined to exempt clerical seminarists from liability to serve, and the Committees on the Transportation and Constitutional Revision Bills have been hard at work. The chief clauses of the former have been passed, and though they may yet be modified in the Chamber, there seems to be no disposition at present to pay any attention to British remonstrances. There has been much gossip about Prince Victor Napoleon's separation from his father, Prince Napoleon, and considerable speculation as to the source of the independent income of 1,600*l.* which he is now stated to possess. It is asserted that the quarrel is purely political, while it is suspected that the funds are provided by certain Anti-Jeromist Bonapartists. There has also been much discussion respecting a visit which the Comte de Paris made to Mr. Morton, the American Minister, who, it was declared, received his guest at a *soirée* with almost Royal honours. The fact of the matter was that he was welcomed as an esteemed American officer, who had served under McClellan in the Civil War, of which he has also written an excellent history. British policy in Egypt, the negotiations with regard to the coming Conference—which, by the way, seem to be hanging fire—and the dynamite outrages in London have formed the chief external topics. M. Rochefort and the Ultra journals sympathise with the dynamitards, and the Irish correspondents to the French Press are highly delighted. Here is a choice excerpt from the *Matin*:—"We shall hold the knife thus to the flank of our enemy, moving it from time to time to show her that it is there until she becomes mad; and when the nations shall have brought England to justice we shall be the first executioners, for we shall have been among those who most powerfully aided in effecting this." The French Government has suppressed one Anarchical paper, Herr Most's *Freiheit*—but then that was for giving bad advice to French tenants:—"Do not pay your rent," recommends the writer, "except with the revolver. If your landlord claims the quarter due, answer him by lodging a ball in his stomach."

The latest exhibition in PARIS is that of Industrial Arts at the Louvre. The chief feature is the display of the Crown jewels, which are now to be seen for the last time before being sold. Amongst them is the famous Regent diamond—pronounced by one of the correspondents to be no better than the cut-glass stopper of a decanter. In theatrical circles, a new three-act comedy has been produced at the Français, *Le Député de Bourbignac*, by M. Alexandre Bisson, with much success. It is built on the same lines as *La Mari à la Campagne* ('The Serious Family'), and is extremely amusing.—In the provinces two fatal accidents have occurred. On Sunday, at Lille, the car of a balloon became detached, and twenty persons were dashed to the ground. Three persons were killed. At Boulogne the lift of a race-course stand fell through overcrowding, and three persons lost their lives. M. Léon Say has been speaking at Rambouillet on the agricultural crisis. He protested against Protectionist theories, declared that the Budget was too heavy and the army too great, while agriculture had to bear the heaviest part of these burdens. At Marseilles an ex-Deputy Mayor has been sentenced to a fine and two years' imprisonment for taking bribes when in office. Other disclosures of municipal corruption are expected.

IN GERMANY the Emperor, who, despite the remonstrances of his advisers, held a grand review last week, remaining several hours on horseback in the most inclement weather, seems no worse for his exertions. When reminded that Frederick the Great had inspected his troops in a carriage, he replied, "Very true; but that was Frederick's last inspection." The Empress of Russia has been passing through Berlin on her way home, and has been received and entertained with marked cordiality. The Grand Duke of Hesse has gone to St. Petersburg to be present at the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, with the Grand Duke of Hesse. The dissolution of the Grand Duke's morganatic marriage with Madame de Kalomine will now be definitively arranged, as the legal representatives on both sides have come to an equitable agreement. The whole affair has excited much indignation at Darmstadt, where it is considered that the Grand Duke was unfairly entangled into the match.

ITALY has been holiday making this week. Sunday was the Statue Fête, and King Humboldt with his son, the Prince of Naples, held a grand review at Rome, where the usual popular and official rejoicings took place. Next day the second anniversary of the death of Garibaldi was appropriately commemorated in all the large towns. Various monuments to the great patriot were unveiled, and at Rome a number of patriotic and anti-clerical associations marched in procession to the Capitol, and laid wreaths on Garibaldi's bust. The difficulty continues between the French Government and the Vatican owing to the refusal of the Pope to create new French Cardinals until the French Government restores the extraordinary allowance recently struck out of the Budget, but negotiations are being carried on between the Papal Nuncio and the French Cabinet.

IN INDIA it is stated that an agreement respecting the Russo-Afghanistan frontier has been arrived at between the British and Russian authorities—the line to follow the course of the Oxus as far as Khoja Saleh, whence it will proceed south and west, taking a circular course along the margin of cultivation to Phuli Katun, on the Hari Rud River. A mixed commission will probably be appointed to visit the district and settle details. The Rent Bill is engaging the attention of the Bengal Government, which has requested the various provincial Commissioners to afford them further information. Every Commissioner is not only to

collect information on certain given points, but to hold a conference of the Collectors under him, at which the Bill is to be discussed. A Report embodying the general opinion is then to be drawn up and forwarded to the Government by August 14th. Lieutenant Dupuis, an officer of the North Staffordshire regiment, has been killed while on a shooting excursion near Quetta by some Assanai Pathans. From Afghanistan we hear that the fighting with the Mongols still continues, and that trade is falling off, there being considerable discontent amongst the traders at Cabul owing to the Ameers' exactions. The negotiations between Nepal and Thibet have apparently been successful, and war will now probably be avoided. It is believed that the Thibetans have agreed to the Nepalese demand for a heavy indemnity—as compensation for injuries caused to Nepalese traders.

The forthcoming Presidential campaign in the UNITED STATES has now been formally inaugurated by the meeting at Chicago of the Republican National Convention for the nomination of the Republican candidate. On Tuesday the first tug of war took place in the election of a temporary chairman, Mr. Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, a partisan of Messrs. Blaine and Logan, being defeated by 387 votes to 432 votes by Mr. John F. Lynch, a negro delegate from Mississippi, who may be said to be a follower of President Arthur. The result somewhat disheartened Mr. Blaine's friends, who had counted on victory—the matter being looked upon as a test vote. Nevertheless, according to the *Times* correspondent on Wednesday, Mr. Blaine appeared likely to have a considerable majority over President Arthur. One of the chief propositions for the "platform," as the official party programme is called, has been brought forward by the Irish party, who wish to bar the foreign ownership of land in the United States, as "constituting a system opposed to the doctrine of the Fathers of the Country." The financial panic is somewhat subsiding, though the difficulties of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway caused some further excitement on the Exchange on Monday.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear of a renewed agitation in ALBANIA for independence, and an appeal to Europe has been issued by Mr. Leybourne from Corfu.—In SERBIA 147 out of the 160 members of the Skupstchina are supporters of the Government.—In RUSSIA the drought is seriously affecting the corn crops in the South.—In MOROCCO the French Minister, M. Ordega, has been received at Tangiers with all due salutes and honours. There are prospects, of further complications as SPAIN is keeping a sharp watch on French influence, and is exceedingly distrustful of the negotiations now being carried on.—In SOUTH AFRICA the death of Sir Bartle Frere has called forth expressions of universal regret and sympathy in Capetown. Parliament was adjourned, and the flags were flown half-mast. In Zululand the Boers propose to form a township, and to establish Dinizulu in the vicinity, so that they can keep the supervision of affairs in their own hands. The Natal Government has asked the Home Government for reinforcements, which have been declined—but it is suggested that the Cape Government should be asked for one of the Colonial regiments.



THE Royal party in the Highlands are making the usual excursions round Balmoral. The Queen and Princess Leiningen have driven to the Glen Gelder Shiel, where Princess Beatrice joined them on horseback, and Her Majesty and the Princesses have also driven through Braemar and round the Lion's Face. The Queen daily walks in the morning with Princess Beatrice, and drives in the afternoon with Princess Leiningen, when Princess Beatrice generally rides. The only visitor at the Castle has been the Rev. Dr. Lees, of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, who officiated at Divine Service on Sunday before Her Majesty and the Princesses, and dined with the Royal party on Saturday and Sunday evenings, Lord Carlingford and the Rev. A. Campbell also joining the circle.

The Prince of Wales has gone to Wiesbaden to join the Princess and her daughters, who arrived there at the end of last week from Rumpenheim. The Princess was accompanied by her mother, the Queen of Denmark, and the Danish King has now joined the party. Before leaving Paris the Prince visited the Meissonnier Exhibition, inspected the Dog Show in the Tuileries Gardens, and on Sunday night dined at the British Embassy.—Prince George of Wales' nineteenth birthday was observed on Tuesday with the usual Royal salutes and bell-ringing in London and Windsor. Prince George has now arrived at Halifax in the *Canada*.

The Duke of Edinburgh has resumed command of the Channel Squadron, and hoisted his flag on board the *Minotaur* at Portsmouth on Wednesday, when the vessels left for Bantry Bay for torpedo practice. The Duchess left for Russia on Monday, starting from Port Victoria in the *Osborne* for Cronstadt. Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess's children have gone for the summer to Abergeldie, where their parents will join them later in the year, and stay at Birkhall for the shooting season.

The anniversary of the Prince Imperial's death was observed on Saturday by a Requiem service at Chislehurst, attended by the ex-Empress Eugénie and many Bonapartist adherents.—The Prince of Orange is seriously ill at the Hague with gastric fever. Meanwhile his father, the King of Holland, is taking the waters at Carlsbad.



PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Home Missions of the Church of England, carried on through the agency of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates, the Archbishop of Canterbury made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Society. His Grace said that if they considered 2,000 people a fit charge for a single clergyman, they needed 2,500 clergymen more than they had at present. Four hundred parishes were making the most urgent appeals, and yet these appeals had to be set aside for want of means.

AT A MEETING OF CHURCHMEN AT DERBY to welcome the new Bishop of Southwell, the Lord Chancellor, his father-in-law, said that from the multiplication of new Sees and their endowment, not by State aid, but by the donations of Churchmen, it was to be inferred that, whatever the temporal position of the Church, her position as a religious organisation is assured.

AT THE INSTANCE OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY a new Missionary Bishopric in Eastern Equatorial Africa is being formed, and the Rev. J. Hannington, minister of St. George's Chapel, Hurstpierpoint, and late of the Church Missionary Society's Nyanza Mission, has been nominated to it by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

DETAILS have been received of the consecration, by the Bishop of Gibraltar, on the 23rd ult., of the British Cemetery on Cathcart's

Hill, near Sebastopol, after being greatly enlarged, and surrounded by a high and strong wall to protect the remains of the brave men who rest within its circuit from the incursions of roving Tartars. An allowance of 200*l.* a year is made by the Board of Works for its maintenance, and it is to be under the charge of the British Vice-Consul at Sebastopol. Among the representatives of foreign countries present at the consecration were the military and naval authorities of Russia at Sebastopol, who also sent a guard of honour to take part in the ceremony.

AMONG THE CLERGYMEN of other Communions admitted to the Ministry of the Established Church of Scotland during the Session of its General Assembly which ended on Monday, was the Rev. Dr. Browne, lately a priest and a Professor of Metaphysics and Theology in the Roman Catholic Church. Three hundred years, it is said, have elapsed since there was made an application precisely similar.



GERMAN OPERA SEASON.—Opera in German had not been heard for several years until in 1882 Herr Franke revived at Drury Lane this once popular form of entertainment. The enterprise was then an artistic rather than a pecuniary success, for although the receipts largely exceeded 500*l.* per night, expenses—now it is hoped avoidable—swallowed them up. With admirable courage Herr Franke, nothing daunted, began a second season on Wednesday evening, this time in the large area of Covent Garden. Criticism of a new enterprise of this sort should naturally be lenient, and it is only necessary to mention, with the assurance that grievances will at once be rectified, the fact that when a performance of *Die Meistersinger* begins at eight o'clock, it is desirable that the *entr'actes* should be sufficiently short to enable ladies who wait till the end of the opera to reach their carriages at some earlier hour than twenty-five minutes to one o'clock in the morning. There were, however, far fewer cuts than at Drury Lane, and, as a matter of fact, more of *Die Meistersinger* was performed on Wednesday than had ever been heard here before. That the large majority of the audience fully appreciated a rehearing of Wagner's only comic opera was abundantly exemplified by the fact that, although the stalls began to be deserted soon after midnight, most of the occupants of the grand circle, amphitheatre stalls, and gallery remained till nearly the end. The performance was, from the point of view of *ensemble*, perhaps superior to that at Drury Lane two years ago, although the artists were for the most part inferior. Herr Gudehus, the Waltha, was a rough German tenor, who on Wednesday night sang somewhat out of tune, while a lugubrious Hans Sach had a hard task to fight against memories of Herr Gura, and a comic Beckmesser rendered the part less as a fussy old beau than as a low comedy buffoon. But the success of *Die Meistersinger* happily depends less upon the soloists than upon the co-operation of the chief artists with the chorus and orchestra. A better-trained chorus, whether as vocalists or as individual actors, has rarely been heard on our stage than that directed by Herr Armbruster; while by the band, the leaders from Covent Garden, and the rank and file from the Richter orchestra, this essentially symphonic opera was performed under Herr Hans Richter in a manner little short of perfection.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig introduced at their second chamber concert Schumann's piano trio in F, Schubert's D minor quartet, Op. 161, and Grieg's duet sonata in G minor for piano and violin.—At Mr. Broust's concert on May 30th, Mlle. Janotha was ill, and her place was taken by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The programme included Beethoven's serenade trio, Dvorák's quartet in E flat, and Rubinstein's sonata in D for piano and violoncello.—At Mr. Charles Halle's concert a pianoforte quartet in F, Op. 49, by Gernsheim, was produced.—At the Floral Hall Concert on Saturday, Madame Helene Crosmont and Mlle. Tremelli were too ill to appear, but Madame Albani sang four songs, and with Madame Sembich the duet "Sull' Aria," and the latter named lady likewise accompanied herself on the piano.—Señor Sarasate, at his fourth concert, on Saturday, played Edouard Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and a violin suite by Raff. His success has been so great that he will give an extra concert on Monday, when he will play Max Bruch's "Scottish" concerto.—Of the Richter concert on Thursday, when Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody in D," No. 3, and the "Verwandlungs Musik," and closing scene from Wagner's latest opera *Parsifal* were announced for the first time, and of Mrs. Dutton Cook's concert on Thursday notice must be reserved. Concerts have also been given by Mr. Edward Hall, The London Glee Men, Signor Ria, Miss Josephine Agabeg, and others.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Unfortunately, it has been found necessary to abandon the intended production of *Colomba*. Mr. Mackenzie has been in London some weeks rehearsing the work; but Madame Pauline Lucca feels herself unable to learn the music in time for the present season, and the opera has consequently been shelved. *Sigurd* is now being pushed forward instead. On Saturday night an attempt was made to revive *Lucresia Borgia*, once one of the most popular works in the repertory of the late Teresa Titiens. But, despite the ability of Madame Durand, the music now seems out of date. M. Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* was a far more successful revival. Juliet, once one of Madame Patti's favourite characters, was now undertaken for the first time by Madame Albani. Shakespeare's love-story had already attracted the notice of several opera composers, from Zingarelli, Schwarzberg, Benda, Dalayrac, and Steibelt, down to Vaccaj, Bellini, and Marchetti, before M. Gounod produced the present version for Madame Miolan-Carvalho in 1867. The French authors, MM. Barbier and Carré, preferred to adopt the *dénouement* of Bellini and Vaccaj, where Juliet, awakened to find Romeo dying, stabs herself in the midst of a duet, in which the young couple declare their "Soul now with rapture is swelling, thus to die, love, with thee." Among other features of this version which will strike insular prejudice as oddities are Juliet's delivery of a waltz song, the interpolation of the part of a singing page, and Romeo's appearance in the garden scene in a parti-coloured dress. Madame Albani sang the music admirably, and especially in the more dramatic situations gave a most powerful reading of the part. The remaining revival of the week has been *L'Africaine*, of course much abbreviated from the original version, but still affording Madame Pauline Lucca an opportunity of appearing in one of the best and most familiar of her creations. Madame Patti will probably appear on June 14 in *La Traviata*, and the Italian Opera season will not close till July 26.

WAIFS.—The marriage of Signor Randegger to his pupil, Miss de Leuw, was celebrated at St. Paul's, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, on Whit Monday.—Mr. Ferdinand Praeger will read a paper, "Personal Reminiscences of Richard Wagner," at Earl Dysart's house on Monday.—A new piano concerto by Mr. Eugène D'Albert was produced at the recent Weimar Festival.—Although the Leslie Choir is once more disbanded an attempt will be made to revive it, if Mr. Leslie himself can be induced to take the *bâton*.—An offer has been made by Madame Patti to appear at three special promenade concerts during the forthcoming season, which will

probably begin at Covent Garden, August 9th.—Madame Marie Rôze and Mr. Henry Mapleson have passed through Paris en route for Montmorency.—Mr. J. H. Mapleson, who is now holiday-making at Worthing, will not recommence his American opera season until after the Presidential Election in November.—The Philharmonic Society are about to start an annual dinner.



THE House of Commons met on Thursday after the Whitsun Recess. In accordance with time-honoured custom, the evening was set aside for Supply. It is a well-known maxim of Parliamentary tactics that the smaller the Committee the larger the number of votes. The first of these conditions was certainly secured on Thursday. It is only a few old stagers and new comers who are in their places when, after a Recess, the House meets towards the end of a week. It seems so convenient, and even pre-ordained, that work should recommence on a Monday.

On Thursday the Government had the advantage, such as it is, of the operation of one of the New Rules. It is the well-known practice that when the House of Commons is gathered ostensibly for the purpose of considering the question of Supply, private members who have given due notice take precedence over national business, tacking on to immaterial amendments prodigious speeches to which nobody listens. Nothing is more common in the actual practice of the House than that the whole of the sitting up to midnight should be taken up with some trumpery question of local or even personal interest, and at twelve o'clock, the time when decent people are going to bed, the wearied Speaker is released from the chair, the House goes into Committee, and the business of voting money by the million goes forward. The New Rule in question sought to grapple with this unbearable evil, and, prior to experience, seemed to have succeeded. It was ordained that on Mondays and Thursdays, the House having on an earlier day got into Committee either on the Army, Navy, or Civil Service Estimates, the Speaker should leave the Chair without putting the question—that is, without holding out a peg on which windy orations on miscellaneous matters might be hung.

This appears greatly to curtail the license of private members. Practically it merely varies their opportunity. There is no reason why they should not deliver in Committee the speeches they had proposed to make on the motion that the Speaker do leave the Chair. And they do. Still, a balance of advantage rests with the nation. The atmosphere of a Committee is in some subtle sense greatly different from that of the fully-constituted House. In the latter a man feels the necessity of making a speech. In the former he is content to join in a conversation. Thus progress is distinctly more rapid under the New Rule.

The state of public business with which the House on resuming found itself confronted is perhaps a little better than on the face of it it looks. It has come to pass in the growing greed for work that people think nothing of the passing of a Reform Bill in a single Session. Yet it is, all things considered, a pretty fair achievement. That the Franchise Bill will pass the Commons this Session no one questions. That it will pass at an early date many are beginning to believe. Just before the House rose for the Whitsun Recess a great forward stride was made. The Conservative Opposition, dispirited and broken up by a fresh and wholly unexpected outbreak on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill, threw up the sponge. The Second Clause which, within its narrow verbal limits, contains the whole principle of the Bill, was passed without the final challenge of a division, and on Monday, when the Bill is taken up again, it will be at Clause IV. At the rate of progress established on the eve of the Recess, the Bill ought to be sent to the House of Lords by the end of June.

What the Lords will do with it is quite another matter. The grounds upon which the final decision will be taken will lie much nearer Egypt than any English county. If there should be fresh trouble in the Sudan, or if things do not go well in the coming Conference, the Reform Bill will be rejected. If things go moderately well in foreign affairs, the Lords will accept it with whatever show of grace is possible. As was testified in respect of the Irish Land Bill, the Lords know how to be wise, though only just "in time." In the case of the Franchise Bill, the reasons why they should refrain from adopting the course in some quarters attributed to them are more obvious. No one could doubt the issue of such a contest. The question is one that comes home to the English people much more strongly than did that of the Irish Land Act of 1881. Ireland we have always with us, and people might be forgiven if the edge of their passionate interest in the welfare of the country were worn off before the arrival of an addition of what seems an interminable series of Irish Land Bills. The Franchise Bill is a gift to the English people. Its rejection by the Lords would be a renewal of a warfare crowned with cherished traditions. If the Lords throw it out there are two million people who will insist upon knowing the reason why, and they will be backed up by the Liberal party already enfranchised.

There is not the slightest doubt what would happen if, reckless of these considerations, the Lords in July or August throw out the Bill. There would be an Autumn Session, at which the measure would be brought up again and again presented to the Lords by the House of Commons, supported by the multitudinous roar of the people's voice. The Lords would then either sulkily do at last what they had better have gracefully done at first, or with reckless courage will again throw out the Bill. Thereupon would follow a General Election, and the Government would go to the country with all their sins of omission and commission condoned in the whirl of excitement around the constitutional question of the Lords against the Commons. It is incredible that any sane body of men would thus deliberately and laboriously play into the hands of their political adversaries. Therefore it may be expected that the Franchise Bill will become law this Session, that next year the Redistribution Bill will be added to the Statute Book, and that some time in the year 1886 the General Election will follow.

With the Franchise Bill out of hand, it is intended that the Commons shall vigorously apply themselves to the disposal of the Government of London Bill. This the Ministry seriously intend to pass this year. But beyond that the prospect grows cloudy. There are the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer yet to be dealt with, and the Coinage Bill is sure to lead to much debate. Mr. Chamberlain, when formally questioned on the subject, declined to admit the probability of not being able to go forward with the Merchant Shipping Bill. But everybody, certainly not omitting Mr. Chamberlain, knows that as far as this Session is concerned the Bill is practically dead. As for the Railway Bill, it can hardly be said to be born. The Law of Evidence Bill, an unobtrusive measure that will have momentous consequences upon English Criminal Jurisprudence, has passed the Grand Committee amid a chorus of approval that assures its success. The Welsh Education Bill is a measure the Government are pledged to carry; whilst the Bill dealing with the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act is cunningly devised to unite in its favour the interest of landlord and tenant. With the exception of the Welsh Education Bill the House has a steady grip on these measures, which accomplished will make a fair show as the work of a Session.



THE reappearance of Mr. Irving and his company in their old quarters after their triumphal progress in the United States, drew together at the LYCEUM on Saturday evening a most enthusiastic audience. The company—unchanged, at least, as regards its leading members—has come back, apparently in excellent health and spirits; and if Mr. Irving looked a trifle worn after the fatigues and anxieties of his wanderings in the New World, Miss Ellen Terry, on the other hand, never looked fresher or smiled with more sweetness her sweetest smiles. The play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, was acted throughout with great spirit, and was embellished once more with the beautiful scenery of Messrs. Hawes Craven, Telbin, and Cuthbert, which the stage carpenters and machinists build up with such admirable art. Mr. Terriss, though about to forsake the company for a dramatic enterprise of his own, still represents Don John. Mr. Howe has exchanged his old part for that of Dogberry. Happily, Mr. Mead is still here to play the part of Friar Francis in his weighty and impressive style. For Mr. Forbes Robertson, who is engaged elsewhere, we have Mr. Norman Forbes in the part of Claudio, which he plays with taste and feeling, though with no great force. The other changes are of no special importance. The public have already learnt from the reports of Mr. Irving's speech that *Twelfth Night* is to be put on the stage of the Lyceum at some time during the brief span of the present season.

The revival of the late Mr. Robertson's *Play at the Court Theatre* has brought to light better acting qualities than might have been expected from the comparative failure of this comedy when brought out at the Prince of Wales's by Mrs. Bancroft in 1868, coupled with the fact that the piece was never revived by that lady. The story, indeed, is not very strong, but there is considerable diversity of character, coupled with many interesting situations; added to which the dialogue, though not emulating the wit of Congreve and Sheridan, or the rhetorical finish of Lord Lytton, can boast of many very pleasing passages. Mr. Clayton as the adventurer, Browne, Miss Roselle as the trustful Amanda, and Mr. Conway and Miss Lottie Venn as Frank and Rosie respectively, are more fortunate in their choice of parts than either Mr. Arthur Cecil or Mr. Mackintosh, though these latter original and admirable actors are certainly not unsuccessful in their efforts to amuse.

Mr. Byron's most successful comedy *Our Boys*, which is familiar on the German stage in more than one adaptation, and which, under the title of *I Nostri Bimbi* has become a stock piece in the Italian comedy theatres, has now been on the shelf sufficiently long to justify its revival. Accordingly it was reproduced on Monday evening at the STRAND Theatre, with Mr. David James in the character of the immortal Middlewick, a part which he played at the Vaudeville for some hundreds of nights. We venture to think that with the exception of the late Mr. George Honey's Eccles and Mr. Irving's Digby Grant, no English stage character, invented in modern times, is better entitled than this to rank as a humorous creation of high originality, and even of profound truth. It owes, it is true, a great deal of its effect to Mr. David James's incomparable impersonation, and to the singular power of this actor of awakening sympathy, even approaching at moments to pathos, for a personage outwardly so commonplace, illiterate, and vulgar. The rest of the company, with one or two exceptions, is rather weaker than that of the original cast. It is a pity that Miss Fortescue, who plays the part of Mary Melrose, should spoil the effect of a pleasing countenance by adopting the fashion of subjecting her eyes and eyelashes to processes which are foolishly supposed to improve their appearance.

A new dramatic version of *Adam Bede*, produced at the HOLBORN Theatre for the entertainment of Whitsuntide audiences, proved to be a melodramatic and not particularly interesting piece. Somehow the intellectual qualities and the subtle power of drawing characters which are so conspicuous in George Eliot's great novel have evaporated under the dramatising process. Mr. George Rignold nevertheless acts with power, and produced a favourable impression in the character of the hero.

A melodrama, with the portentous title of *Through My Heart First*, which has been played in the country, has made its way to London, and was brought out at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Monday. It sets forth a long tale of the days of the struggle between King Charles and the Parliamentary forces. Though somewhat sombre in tone, it is not wanting in dramatic excitement. The author's leanings appear to be to the Royalists. The hero and heroine are represented respectively by Mr. Clynds and Mrs. Macklin (Miss B. Henri).

Not much can be said in favour of the new travestie by Mr. Reece which was brought out at the STRAND Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. In accordance with the revived fashion of burlesquing the most popular new pieces of the day, the author has taken in hand the romantic drama *In the Ranks*, which is still in the full tide of favour at the Adelphi; but he has not been very happy in seizing upon opportunities for parody, and the dialogue is wanting in the sprightliness and fertility of allusion which pieces of this sort demand. The best thing in the performance was Mr. T. P. Haynes's grotesque imitation of Mr. Charles Warner. Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *School for Coquettes* was played on the same occasion, with Miss Ada Swanborough in the part of Lady Glenmorris.

A revival of *The Great Divorce Case*, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the whole strength of his company, has taken the place of *Fourteen Days* at the CRITERION.

The price of admission to the gallery of the ALHAMBRA has been reduced to sixpence. This is but one of several recent tokens of an approaching reduction in prices—at least, in the cheap and popular parts of our theatres.

Mr. George Vandenhoff will appear this afternoon at the GAIETY in a new drama, in four acts, entitled *Retribution*.

A new and original play called *Happy-Go-Lucky*, written by Mr. T. G. Pemberton, will be produced at a *matinée* at the GLOBE on the 11th of June.

Miss Santley's season with *La Cosaque* at the ROYALTY will be brought to a close this week.

Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan* is to be revived at the ALHAMBRA in the shape of a new and greatly revised edition, on which the author has been engaged.

Mrs. Rudolf Blind announces a *matinée* of *Plot and Passion* at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre for the 24th inst.

HAVERLY'S AMERICAN-EUROPEAN MINSTRELS.—Some of the *troupe* which, under this designation, visited London about four years ago, were genuine negroes. The company now performing at Drury Lane all rely upon artificial colour for their sable complexions. Hence the spectator misses the droll banjo music and the quaint scenes of plantation life which their predecessors rendered so effectively. The songs, sentimental and comic, are of the usual "Christy" type; the interlarded jokes and conundrums are above the ordinary average. Some of the scenes and "business" in the miscellaneous portion were very funny, notably the monkey tricks of Mr. T. H. McNish, and the fishing scene on board ship, which elicited roars of laughter, though the somewhat hackneyed and vulgar by-play connected with seasickness might well be modified.

A very effective fight between a number of men in armour, in a supposed arena, lit by coloured lime-light, seemed to give great satisfaction, and, in fact, those portions least associated with negro minstrelsy were, on the whole, the best.

MESSRS. MOORE AND BURGESS inaugurated, on Whit-Monday, a new summer programme. Part I. comprised nearly a dozen songs and ballads given for the first time, some being particularly attractive, such, for instance as "The Diver," sung by Mr. Dornan; "To the Woods," sung by Mr. Sydney Herbert; and "The Cats," a comic song, given with much spirit by Eugene Stratton. The second part contained a variety of performances, among which was a banjo solo by Mr. Edwin French, and a wonderful terpsichorean display by Mr. Tom Ward, who for the space of ten minutes danced incessantly on a block about a foot and a half square, marking the time with his loaded heels. "Hurry, Little Children," an amusing sketch of life in the Lowlands, and "A Morning at Kino's," a pantomime scene full of tricks and jokes, concluded an amusing entertainment.



I.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for June opens with a fairly effective article, signed "G.," on "England's Foreign Policy." The aim of the article is to show that this country should cultivate the friendship of Russia and France. In some sort, it may be presumed, the paper is intended to be a defence of the foreign policy of the present Government.—Earl Lytton writes brightly on "Le Style c'est l'Homme: a Causerie." His lordship remarks very truly in the course of his gossiping essay, "A man of graceful mind and manners is not always a graceful writer, and the vigour of a writer's style is sometimes out of all proportion to the strength of his character. If the style be the man himself, how are we to explain those seeming contrasts between them? The explanation lies, I think, in the fact that men are not simple but compound beings. A writer's style is that expression of his individuality which is best known to us, and which is always the same. But if our knowledge of the man's whole nature were equal to our knowledge of his style, we should probably find in these cases, where the man seems at variance with his style, that he is also at variance with himself."—Mr. George Meredith's serial, "Diana of the Crossways," begins well.—The Hon. W. St. John Brodrick gives some caustic criticism of Lord Randolph Churchill; and Mr. Walter J. Sendall supplies interesting information on the late Charles Stuart Calverley.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Moberly Bell writes "How Long Halt Ye Between Two Opinions?" a more or less drastic criticism on English policy in Egypt. But not the least interesting feature in Mr. Knowles's Review is the paper by the Hon. Mr. Justice Stephen on "The Unknowable and the Unknown," in which he discusses the views of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Justice Stephen is plain-spoken, and the tone of his remarks may be estimated from the concluding paragraph. He says: "There would no doubt be a more or less poetic side to the most exclusively worldly morality. Military courage is not an exclusively Christian virtue. It has been exhibited on innumerable occasions in the highest perfection by men of every and of no religion. The same may be said of conjugal and parental love, of patriotism, of the sentiment of professional honour, and even of party spirit, which, by the way, is perhaps the very lowest form of disinterested virtue. But I can only hint at the way in which the vast change I am considering would work itself out. In a few words I contend that to expect to preserve the morals of Christianity while we deny the truth of Christian theology, is like expecting to cut down the tree and to keep the fruit; that if the Apostles' Creed is given up the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables will go too. . . . But I also contend on the other hand that, if Christianity does pass away, life will remain in most particulars and to most people much what it is at present, the chief difference being that the respectable man of the world, the lukewarm nominal Christian, who believed as much of his creed as happened to suit him, and led an easy life, will turn out to have been right after all, and enthusiastic believers of all creeds to have been quite wrong."—Sir J. Pope Hennessy answers the question, "What Do the Irish Read?" and Mr. William Rossiter tells us how our European neighbours keep "The Continental Sunday."—Mr. Macdonald's "With Baker and Graham in the Eastern Sudan" is full of description, and is pleasant reading.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Herbert Spencer continues his philosophical paper on "The Sins of Legislators." We may notice also Mr. Richard Heath on "The Poor Man's Gospel." In his article is the following suggestive statement: "Injustice is to so great a degree the basis of our society, and the progress of injustice is so rapid, that to make any real stand against it will certainly lead to the charge of stirring up the people, and possibly to a fate similar to His against whom this accusation was first brought."—Mr. James Bryce, M.P., also contributes to the *Contemporary* a paper entitled "An Ideal University."

Earl Percy has a spirited article in the *National Review* on "The Franchise Bill and the House of Lords," and assails the doctrines recently put forward by "A Manchester Conservative." "No proof," says his lordship in conclusion, "has been offered that the views enunciated by 'A Manchester Conservative' are shared by the bulk of his countrymen, or that he has any right to express their sentiments. But if they be indeed entertained, it is earnestly to be hoped that they will receive no support from the Tory members of either House of Parliament."—"Italia Redenta" is a description by Mr. Alfred Austin of the changes wrought during the last twenty years by industrialism in modern Italy. Mr. Austin thinks that there is a great deal more religious feeling existent among Italian men and women than is perhaps generally imagined.—Lady John Manners has an amusing paper called "Letters From an Idle Woman's Post-Bag."

Macmillan contains a dialogue "Under the Shadow of the Sphinx," dealing with English policy in Egypt; and an appreciative paper on Meissonier, whose collected works are now on view in Paris. The "Review of the Month" is exceptionally good.

In *Blackwood's* a pretty story of Russian peasant life, "Magda's Cow," is begun.—"The Votes of Censure" is a slashing attack on the Ministry, and Mr. Gladstone in particular.—Perhaps the most striking paper in the number is "A Voice From the East on Oriental Questions." The author is an Englishman high in the military service of the Sultan.

The *Century*, among other excellent matter, has a paper on the sculptures of Edward Kemeys, entitled "American Wild Animals in Art," by Julian Hawthorne.—"A French-American Seaport," by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, is full of bright description.—Miss Fanny Stone gives the "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo During the War of 1882." It is freshly written, and throws a side-light on the events of July and August in that year.

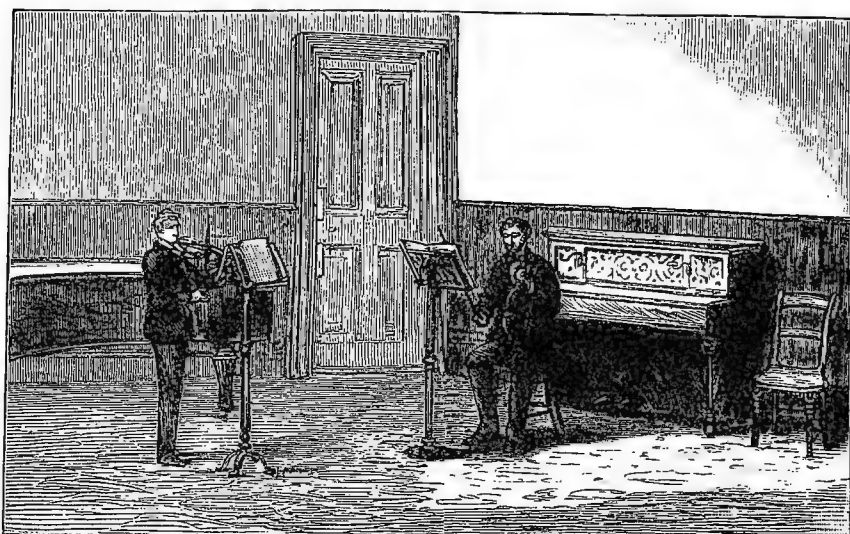
In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. J. G. Wood supplies evidence for the existence of one mystery of the sea in "The Trail of the Sea-Serpent." Mr. Wood suggests harpooning as the most likely method of securing the monster. "Wentworth's Crime," by Frank Parks, is a vivacious story of American life in the corn-growing regions. Besides these there are other excellent articles in the Boston magazine.

Manhattan is full of good matter this month. The illustrations are well executed. There is a capital paper on "The Brownings;"

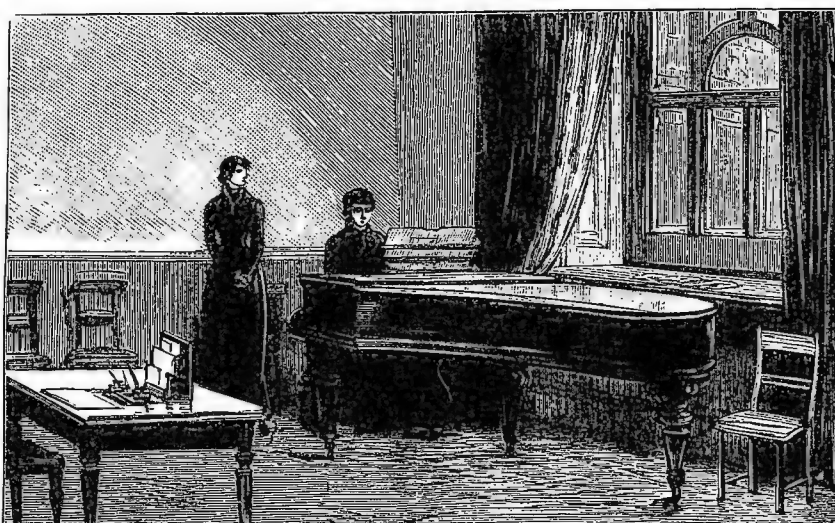
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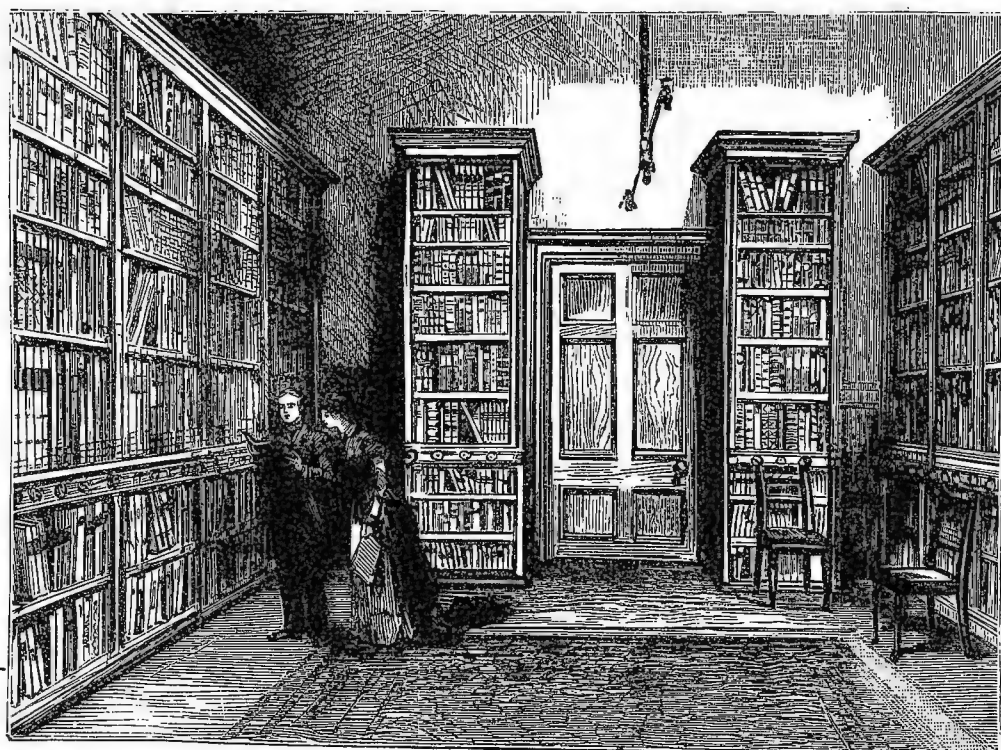
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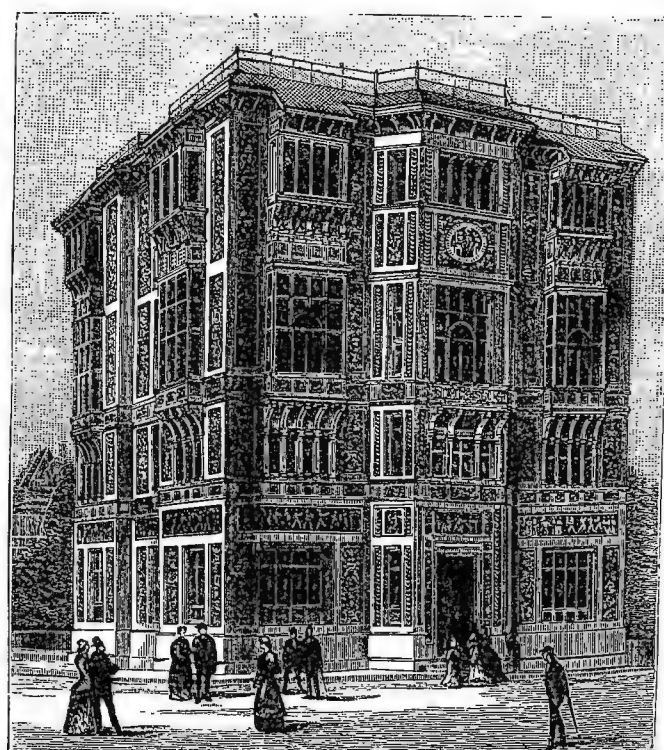
ONE OF THE VIOLIN-CLASS ROOMS



ONE OF THE SINGING-CLASS ROOMS

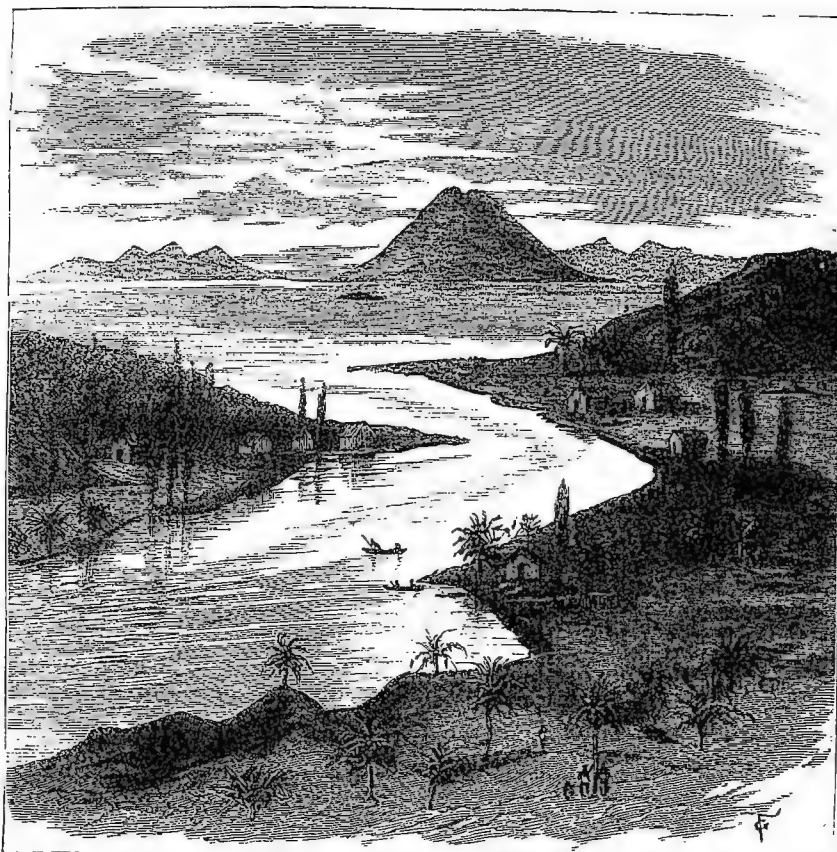


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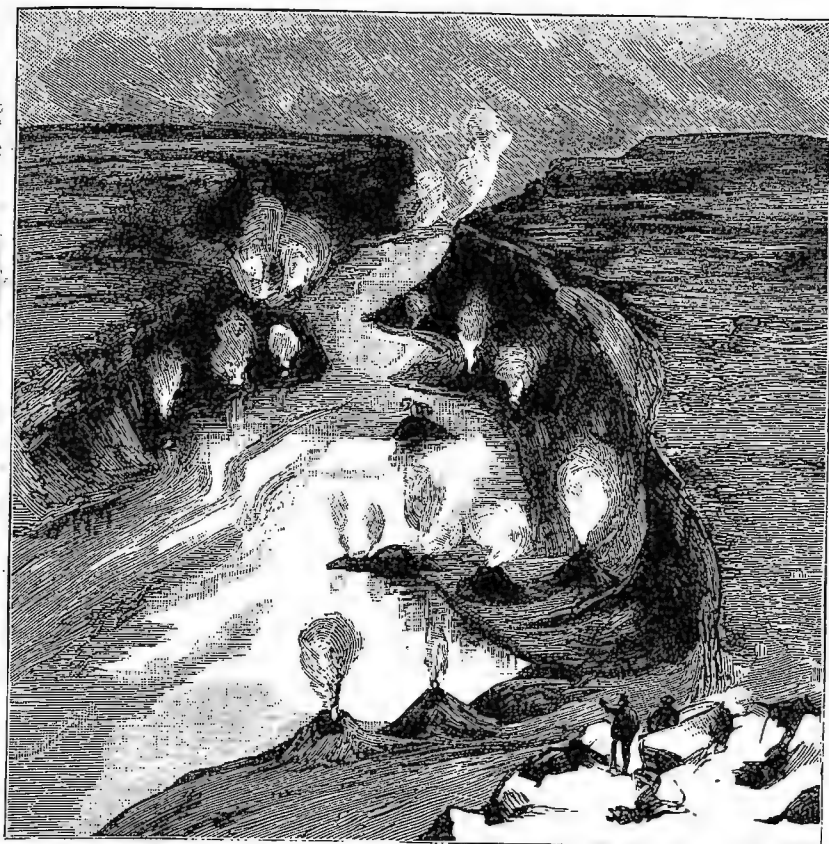


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THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, SOUTH KENSINGTON



SOURCE OF THE UPPER WAIKATO RIVER AT LAKE TAUPO



UPPER WAIKATO RIVER, NEAR LAKE TAUPO, SHOWING TERRACE FORMATION OF PUMICE ROCK AND BOILING SPRINGS

"THE KING COUNTRY," NEW ZEALAND—II.

THE topography of this region was fully described in an article which appeared in our issue of May 24th. It will, therefore, be more to the purpose here to say a few words concerning Tawhiao, the Maori King, who has just arrived in this country by the Orient steamer *Sorata*.

Tawhiao's visit is prompted by the same feeling which caused Cetewayo to come to England. He was much impressed by the reception given by the Queen and the people of this country to the South African potentate, and he hopes that Her Majesty will, on hearing his statements, at once restore him to his old position as King.

Tawhiao, it should be understood, can only by courtesy be called the Maori King. He has no territorial possessions in his own right. But he claims, and, after a fashion, exercises sovereignty over the native tribes in the Northern Island. He controls the largest tract

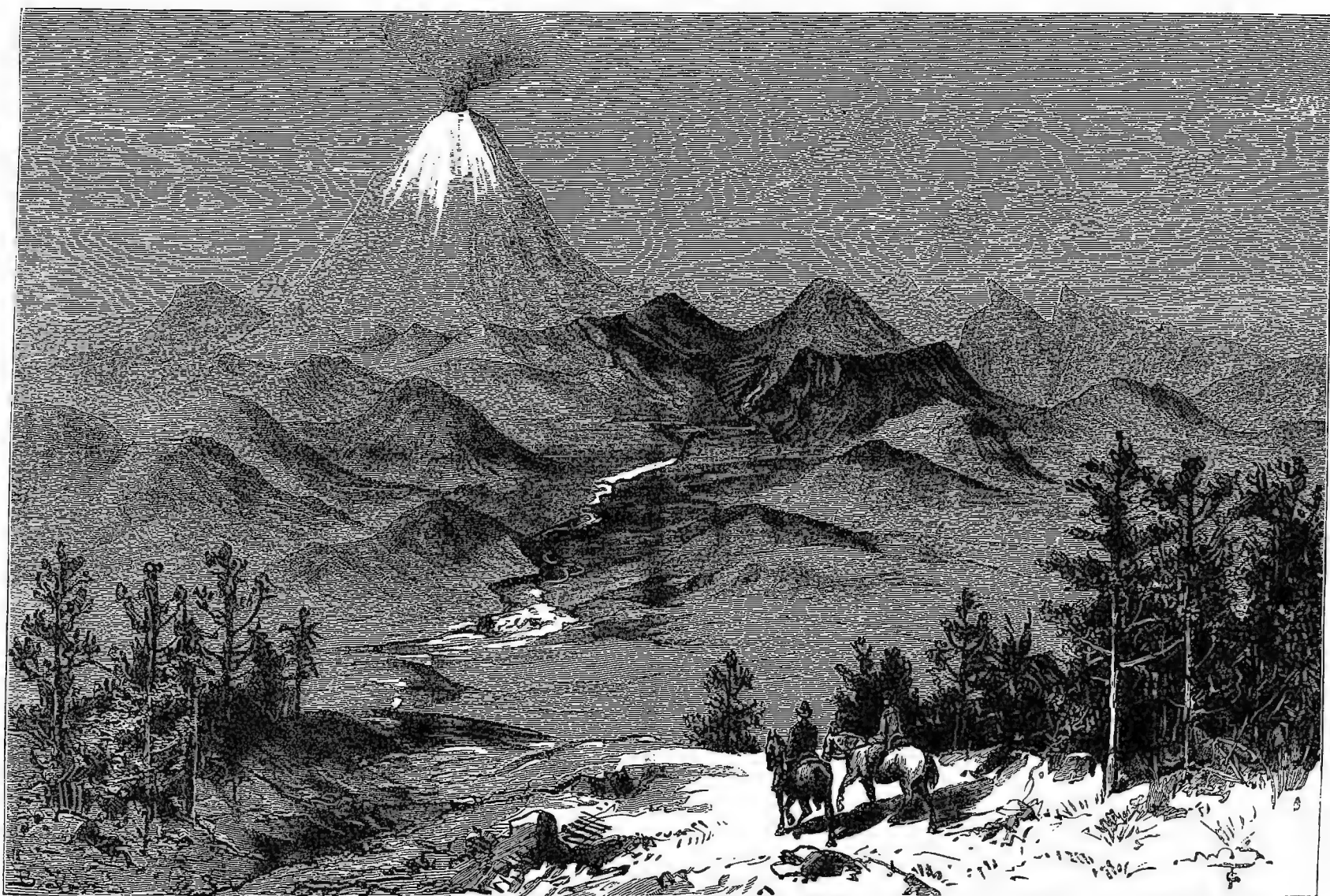
of country still owned by natives in the colony. Through this tract the projected Northern Railway is intended to pass, and negotiations have for some time been carried on between Tawhiao and the Colonial Government for concessions in order to facilitate this undertaking. Further, Tawhiao and his tribe have been for twenty years past living on lands which were confiscated by the Government upon the suppression of the Waikato War of 1865, and they have been very anxious that this act of confiscation should be cancelled; more especially because it was not they, but another tribe, by whom the quarrel was originally provoked.

For a long time Tawhiao held aloof from all intercourse with Europeans, but about three years ago he came out of his seclusion, and visited Auckland, where he was *filied* and made much of in a most friendly fashion. Offers, also, were made to him that he should abdicate his kingship in exchange for a pension of 400*l.* a year, a seat in the Legislative Council, and magisterial honours. These offers, however, he steadfastly refused, and now he has come

to England hoping to obtain from Her Majesty in person the favours which the Colonial authorities have refused to grant.

The King, according to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is tall and slim, with a very dark complexion for a Maori. His face is elaborately tattooed, and wears a sullen expression. He carries a splendid piece of greenstone suspended from the lobe of his right ear. His eyes are small and inexpressive, and his forehead high, the crown of his head being pyramidal. His gait is shuffling and undignified, and he appears to be weak-kneed. He shows to much greater advantage in his native costume (a blanket) than when attired, as he usually is, in a grey tall hat, checked trousers, and boots down at the heel.

After his return from his Auckland visit, in 1881, Tawhiao became addicted to drink, but Sir George Grey persuaded him to don the Blue Ribbon, and we hope, with a correspondent in Tuesday's *Standard*, that English hospitality will not tempt him to abandon the pledge of abstinence which he has taken.



THE START FOR THE ASCENT OF MOUNT TONGARIRO

EXPLORATION IN THE KING COUNTRY, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND—II.

and from Miss Nora Perry's story, "A Boston Man," we gather that it is characteristic of every serious Boston man to go about with a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* in his hand.

The *Magazine of Art* has a frontispiece engraving from Mr. E. Blair Leighton's picture in the Royal Academy, "The Gladiator's Wife." Those who have seen the original picture will appreciate the justice done here to the central idea—the contrast between noisy brutality and silent suffering. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson proceeds with his delightful papers on "Fontainebleau: Village Communities of Painters." Talking of the French artists assembled at Barbizon he says with much point, "This random gathering of young French painters, with neither apparatus nor parade of government, yet kept the life of the place upon a certain footing, insensibly imposed their etiquette upon the docile, and by caustic speech enforced their edicts against the unwelcome. To think of it is to wonder the more at the strange failure of their race upon the larger theatre."

"Mrs. Forrester's Secret" is the title of a promising serial, begun in this month's *Temple Bar*, by Mrs. Godfrey.—"Hayward's Essays" is amusing, and the extracts appear to be well chosen.—Mr. Moore's poem, "A Lyrical Argument," is graceful, and the short stories are good of their kind.



THE BENCHERS OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE threw open the gardens of their Inn on Whit-Monday, and the public will be admitted to them every evening during the next three months, between six and nine.

THE TRUSTEES for the gardens of Lincoln's Inn Fields have declined, on the contrary, to admit the public to them for however limited a time daily, during however limited a period of the year.

MISS FINNEY'S ACTION for breach of promise against Lord Garmoyle was struck out of the cause list of the Easter sittings, merely to be transferred to that for the Trinity term. It will possibly be tried this month.

THE COURT OF APPEAL has confirmed the decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins, that when a person employs an agent to bet for him, there is an implied authority to the agent to pay the bets, so that he can recover from his principal the money paid by him. There was a subsidiary dispute as to the power of the principal to revoke this authority under certain circumstances; but the main point was whether, bets not being legally recoverable, "the law should enable the agent to enforce payment of the very debts the payment of which the law itself would not enforce." Lord Justice Bowen, Lord Justice Fry concurring, but the Master of the Rolls dissenting, held that the principal was bound to recoup his agent for bets paid by the latter, because the contract was not a wagering contract. It was not because a horse had lost that the agent was suing the principal, but because the principal had directed the agent to put himself in a position compelling the latter to pay money by virtue of a contract that the principal would indemnify him. The case excited considerable interest among the *habitués* of the Turf.

THE MANAGER OF SOME RECREATION GROUNDS at which betting appears to have taken place during a championship bicycle meeting was convicted at Leicestershire under the statute which makes it penal to open, keep, or use a place for the purpose of betting. The Queen's Bench Division quashed the conviction, Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith holding that the statute contemplated the actual participation of the occupier of the place or of his servants in the betting as necessary to constitute it an offence on his part, and nothing of the kind was in this case alleged.

THE DEVONSHIRE MYSTERY has ended in the discharge of Shortland after a careful official consideration of the result of an exhaustive inquiry into the case. In making the announcement which led to his discharge the representative of the Public Prosecutor said that the accused had himself alone to thank for the position in which he has been placed.

IT SEEMS THAT EUGENE TURPIN, the Frenchman, who was found on landing at Dover and on arriving in London in illegal possession of explosives, brought them with no guilty intention, but simply to experiment publicly at Glasgow on their usefulness for mining purposes. Instead, however, of waiting for the necessary authorisation to import them, he attempted to evade the provisions of the Act by a surreptitious introduction of them, and for this offence he was fined at the Bow Street Police Office 5*l.*, being half the full penalty, with 3*l.* costs.



THE TURF.—The Derby of 1884 will be long memorable, not only for the dead heat it produced, which was not run off, but for the a ter objection to St. Gatien, one of the dead-heaters, on the score that the description of pedigree in his entry was incorrect, or rather insufficient. The objection coming from Sir John Willoughby, the owner of the other dead-heater, Harvester, after having amicably agreed to a division of the stakes, savours, to say the least of it, of ungraciousness. The question is a purely technical one, and, it is said, will not be decided till the Ascot Meeting; but fortunately, according to the rules of betting, no wagers will be disturbed even if St. Gatien is disqualified, as no fraud was perpetrated; the horse was of the right age, and there was no infringement of the laws of racing.—The result of the race for the Oaks, on Friday last, was the very reverse of that for the Derby. In the latter, the two first favourites did not gain even place honours, but in the Oaks Busybody and Superba, the first and second favourites, ran first and second. Curiously enough Queen Adelaide was third in both races. Her position in the Oaks was fairly in accordance with public running, but there is still a very strong impression abroad that she ought to have won the Derby.—Holiday folks have found racing provided for them in all directions during Whitsun week, but it can hardly be said that the sport has been of a specially interesting character. Manchester, jubilant over the Canal business, patronised its local meeting very freely, and this was the largest and most successful meeting of the week. A feature of the opening day was that Archer out of six mounts scored five wins. He seems to be riding this season with more determination and success than ever. The Summer Cup, to which handicap the munificent sum of 2,000*l.* is added, will not be run till after these Notes have gone to press.—There is already a market for the St. Leger, which presents a very pretty puzzle, Busybody, Harvester, Queen Adelaide, Superba, and Scot Free being among the entries. The first-named has been installed as first favourite at 4 to 1, while the other four have been taken at even money against the field.—For the Grand Prize of Paris, to be run on Sunday next, Little Duck, the winner of the French Derby, is first favourite at 6 to 4, while the English horse, Lambkin, is quoted at 3 to 1.—The

Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, for which several English horses ran, and the Irish Donnycarney was made first favourite, was won by M. Blanc's Varaville.

CRICKET.—Matters continue lively in the cricket world in more senses than one, as the grounds have got terribly hard. Our Australian friends must feel some disappointment at the result of their engagements hitherto, as up to the end of last week they had lost three and won three games. The last they lost was against the Gentlemen of England at Lord's on Saturday last, when there was a very exciting finish. After losing six wickets the English team still wanted 45 runs to win, and chances seemed decidedly in favour of the Australians. But when Mr. Diver joined Mr. Steel, who has recently been in first-rate form, the aspect of the game gradually changed, and the Australians were defeated by four wickets. As a set-off against this the Australians have this week scored a single-innings victory over Derbyshire.—At Oxford a very laudable game has been played by the University against Lancashire, resulting in the defeat of the crack county by 36 runs. For Oxford Mr. C. Kemp, the captain, who is in grand batting form just now, made 95 and 43; and it was a matter of general regret that he missed marking his "century" in a first-class match.—During the week inter-county cricket has been plentiful; Notts has beaten Surrey by seven wickets; Sussex Hampshire by eight wickets; and Yorkshire Kent by the same score.—Cambridge University has beaten a strong eleven of Gentlemen of England; and in a match at Lord's between two mixed elevens representing the North and South of England, the latter has been victorious by 66 runs.—We are glad to find that our other cricketing visitors, the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, have made a very fair show in their first match against Dublin University. In the first innings each side made 181; and the game was not played out.

LACROSSE.—At Cambridge the University has beaten Cheshire by three goals to one.

BILLIARDS.—In the great match at the Aquarium of 5,000 up between W. Cook and W. Mitchell for 200*l.* a-side some grand play was shown on successive days, and when Mitchell ran out Cook's score stood at 4,328.—After eight nights' play, Peall has beaten Roberts, jun., in a match of 10,000 up, the latter conceding 2,000 points. Roberts' score was 9,411 when Peall ran out.

BICYCLING.—Mr. J. H. Adams, on a "Facile" Safety Bicycle, has beaten all the records of long-distance journeys, having ridden from Land's End to John o' Groat's, a distance of about 930 miles, in 6 days 23 hours 45 minutes. Mr. Godwin, of Manchester, who started twenty-four hours in advance of Adams, took 8 days 15 hours for the journey; but even this beat all other previous records but that of Mr. Adams.



As the holidays approach we find that weddings are on the increase; in fact, this and the next month are mostly chosen for matrimonial alliances. There are many wedding costumes from which to choose; for the bride herself there is quite an *embarras de choix* between cream-coloured satin and velvet *broché*, touched up with Limerick lace; ivory satin and brocade, trimmed with pearl embroidery; cream satin and brocade; Ottoman silk and Brussels point; pearl-white satin and Honiton lace.

A very elegant costume was worn recently by a young widow on the occasion of her second marriage. It was composed of silver-grey, shot with white corded silk, train, and bodice, over a front pink and grey satin *broché* petticoat; the pattern on the front breadth, in water-lilies and grass, was outlined in opal beads, which had a charming effect; over a wreath of real water-lilies and grass was thrown in graceful folds a plain tulle veil. As the hair is now worn so high, it is somewhat difficult to arrange the orthodox wreath of orange blossom, which is often dispensed with, the veil being fastened with pearl or diamond stars, or, when jewels are not available, with slagree silver arrows, butterflies, or stars.

At this season bridesmaids' dresses are more often than not made of cream, ivory, or pearl-white, with natural flowers of brilliant hues. A very pretty effect may be produced where there are twelve bridesmaids by having all the dresses of cream-coloured Indian silk, muslin, and lace; but six of the wearers should have flowers of the field and hedgerow, and the other six garden and cultivated flowers. The wild-flower maidens should wear fancy straw hats, trimmed with bouquets; their companion six, small lace bonnets, covered with flowers.

What are known as "Art silks," for example, Tussore, Corah, and Nagpore washing silks, make charming costumes for bridesmaids where economy must be studied. They answer well for garden parties and other fêtes.

Materials for morning wear are very dainty and inexpensive; for example, what can be cooler and prettier than a costume of Nankin? The genuine article may be purchased for five shillings the piece; and one of the great charms of this material is, that it looks better every time it is washed.

Arabian cotton is another very pretty material made in ivory, white, and all the fashionable artistic colours. A pleasing novelty in washing materials is *crêpe Normesque* reproduced from that used for ancient Moorish garments; it is commended on account of its suppleness and lightness. The zephyr cloths are shot in two colours or one colour, and Jersey jackets are still very popular. They are worn at all times and seasons, and most useful they are, whether made quite plain, with a simple row of buttons, or elaborately embroidered. Being so elastic, they will go over any bodice, and on a chilly morning or evening will prove a great comfort. For children nothing can be more comfortable and durable.

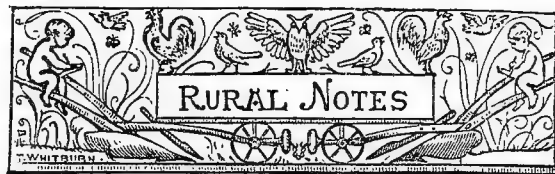
Excepting for home wear and for very hot weather, to stroll in the park or lounge on the lawn, woollen materials are much preferable to cotton or linen. Our Parisian neighbours, as a rule, wear materials of a solid and moderately warm, though light as possible, texture during their visits to the country. A very stylish and durable costume was recently made in Paris of bunting, *beige* colour, and red Surah. It was intended to be worn at Ryde. The pleated skirt was of bunting, with a broad hem of Surah, Princess dress, a mixture of the two materials, wide pleating of Surah, large bows to match. *Beige* straw hat, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and poppies. A pretty costume for yachting was made with a round skirt, on which were several rows of cream-coloured mohair braid. The upper skirt was simply draped; short cut-away jacket, with a cream and blue-striped blouse; hat to match. Another was of cream serge, with a finely-kilted skirt, red serge cuffs, collar, and waistcoat. A third was made with a blue and white striped petticoat; upper skirt open at the seams, and laced with blue cords; blue and white bodice fancifully made, sailor's cap to match.

Dust cloaks this season are quite stylish garments, particularly so is a speciality of a well-known firm. It is called the Grey Electric Proof Reversible, and has a soft velvety appearance; it drapes most artistically. Indian raw silk is much used for dust cloaks, trimmed with ficelle lace and bows of ribbon of the leading colour in the costume with which it is to be worn.

There is a perfect rage for lace this season for dresses, mantles, flouncings, and general trimming; it is used for morning and evening toilettes. A speciality for flouncings is Calais lace, a yard deep, in

beige or cream, not at all an expensive fabric, and very effective. Complete skirts of black or white lace over coloured silk or satin are much worn. In the course of our *tournée* for this month we saw a very charming tea-gown of cream lace over pale blue Surah, with claret velvet collar, cuffs, and bows; the same design was made in black lace and poppy-coloured silk and velvet. Another speciality was *tabliers* on net foundations embroidered in fine white or black jet, which had a very light but very rich effect. As to the sunshades they are enormous, and fully trimmed with lace; one we saw was of cream satin, with accordion pleats of lace, and a very deep flounce of lace round the edge. A pale pink satin was covered with fine spotted tulle, and a bouquet of Marguerites faithfully copied from nature embroidered on one side.

We recently saw a most coquettish little bonnet for a young girl; it was made of papillon lace, with scarlet velvet coronet, and covered with small butterfly bows of velvet and ribbon. Another was of *beige* straw, with *grünat* velvet bind, edged with gold beads, bouquet of poppies veiled with tulle; bow and strings of *beige* shot with red, ribbon and velvet. Bonnets are very much more worn for dress occasions than are hats even by young girls. A very original little bonnet from a very first-rate house was made thus: the crown of green wheat, and the front of wild cherries; at the back were loops of velvet ribbon. Another was of cream lace over a gold foundation, myrtle-green velvet bow, and two humming birds. A most elegant dinner-dress was of old black Chantilly lace over satin, the trimming for which was unique; it consisted of pink azaleas in shaded chenille *appliqué* on one side in a long trail, and on the bodice a smaller spray.—The trimmings in coloured embroidery on net for evening costumes are very beautiful and artistic this season, but can only be aspired to by the favoured few who can afford to indulge in them.



THE SEASON preserves a general character for dryness—in fact, in the Eastern Counties the drought is becoming serious. At Wisbeach, according to Mr. H. J. Little's observation, the December rainfall was 1*o*·3 inch; January, 1*1*·1; February, 4*7*; March, 7*2*; April, 1*o*·8; and May, 1*1*·2—total, 5*9*·3 inches in six months, or an average rainfall of rather less than an inch a month. Mr. Little has not recorded so prolonged a drought before in an experience of a quarter of a century. It is very fortunate for the East of England that the springs in the autumn had been high, and the country was generally in a good state for bearing a long dry period. The weather in Scotland and the Lake District has contrasted curiously with that experienced in England. All down the North-West Coast, from Oban to Liverpool, the rainfall has been very heavy, even for a particularly wet part of Great Britain.

THE GROWING CROPS, except in this last-named district, present generally that appearance which the recorded weather would lead us to expect. Cereals look well, but hay is a poor promise. Wheat is now very healthy and strong, but rather backward. All this crop now wants is more warm sunshine and a few midsummer showers. Barley, although well through the ground and looking healthy, does not grow fast, and needs showers; while oats have gone off a little in colour, and need even more seriously the same refreshing influence. Hay cannot now be an average crop, but clover and tares vary a good deal, some districts being poor enough, while others have nothing to complain of. Turnip-sowing has been stopped by the drought of May, and early swedes have been badly checked by the cold nights about the 28th and 29th of May.

THE MAIDSTONE SHOW opened on Whit-Monday in very favourable weather, and there was an exceedingly large attendance for a five-shilling day. The Devon cattle were really a beautiful show, which would have done credit to an exhibition at Exeter. The Sussex cattle were also a leading feature, and we were pleased to note that the character of this breed is being steadily improved. The large and important exhibit of these cattle at Maidstone will doubtless further stimulate advance. A comparatively small show of Herefords was more than balanced by the high quality of the animals shown; while the Channel Islands cattle were extremely good, some of the finest Guernseys ever seen in England being shown, and the Jerseys including some females of early maturity and almost perfect build. Of sheep, the Southdowns of Romney Marsh were of admirable quality, and the Shropshire breed was satisfactorily represented. Hampshire and Oxfordshire down sheep and horses were the least attractive parts of the live-stock display.

THE HOP GARDENS.—The bine, which was looking healthy during the greater part of May, has unfortunately gone off very decidedly in colour during the past fortnight. The soil in Kent and Surrey just now is very hard and unworkable, and the hop gardens would benefit almost equally with the pastures by some warm showers. The cold nights are all against the hop plant. The price of hops has advanced ten shillings per cwt. owing to the unfavourable reports from the plantations. Kentish hops made 130*s.* to 190*s.*, according to quality.

SCOTCH FARMS are often let on very long agreements and leases, ranging from seventeen to nineteen years. Such of these leases as have fallen in this year have meant a loss to the landlord, relettings being almost invariably at a reduction, which has varied from 20 to 30 per cent. We have recently heard of a large farm of 700 acres, in good condition, being relet at 40 per cent. reduction. Dairy farms as a rule let well, but on the farms that are solely arable the reduction is extremely serious to the landlord, and on the ordinary mixed farm it usually equals the figures above-named, 20 to 30 per cent. It is rather curious that a number of Scotch farmers have of late been moving south, and taking land in the eastern and southern counties of England.

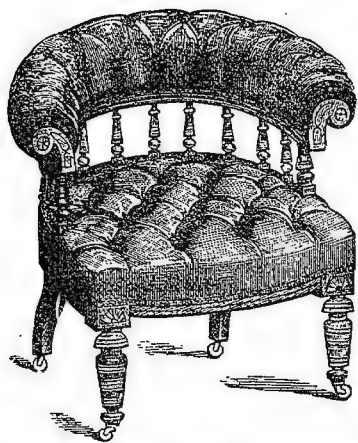
ORCHARDS AND KITCHEN GARDENS have rather gone off in promise during the past fortnight, but the outlook for this branch of agriculture may still be deemed favourable. The shortest tree crops may be pears and plums, while apples and cherries should be rather abundant. Green gooseberries, which are a good crop, are selling at sixpence a quart, and pay the grower well. Many gardens have been devastated, however, by gooseberry caterpillars, and the free use of hellebore powder to check the pest is almost as objectionable as the pest itself. Black currants promise to be a good crop, and the bushes are clean and healthy. It is doubtful, however, whether the fruit will ripen and plump out properly without more rain, for the black currant requires a stronger and wetter soil than its brother the red currant. A good crop of black currants will attain 15 cwt. an acre, and a ton has been known to be obtained.

CORN.—The average price of English wheat is now 37*s.* 7*d.*, the fluctuation of value in May having been small, from 37*s.* 4*d.* to 38*s.* 2*d.* per quarter, and June therefore opening with substantially the same level of value as the preceding month. The wheat average on the 1st of June, 1883, was 43*s.* 5*d.*, and on the 1st of June, 1882, it was 47*s.* 7*d.*, so that prices are now very depressed, even in comparison with the two past years, themselves considered a very low-price period. Barley stands at 28*s.* 9*d.*, which is a moderate price; oats at 21*s.* 2*d.*, which represents a recovery of rather over eighteen-pence since Easter.

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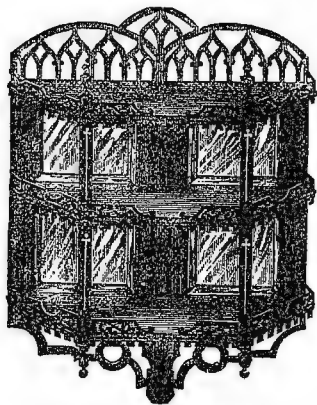


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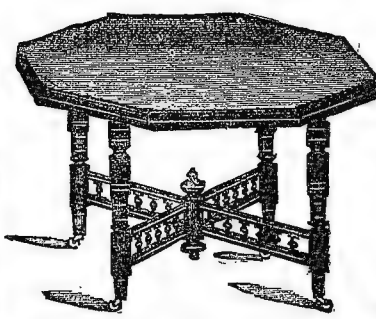
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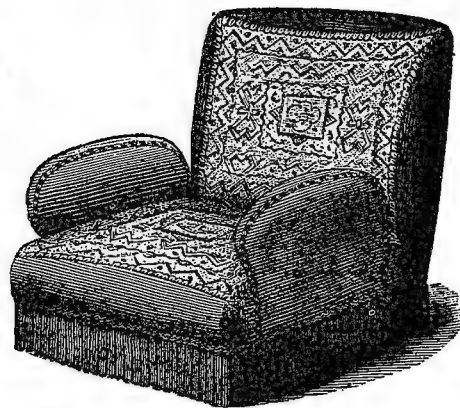
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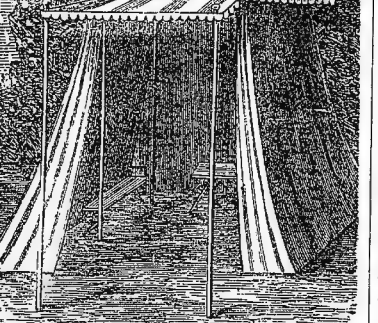
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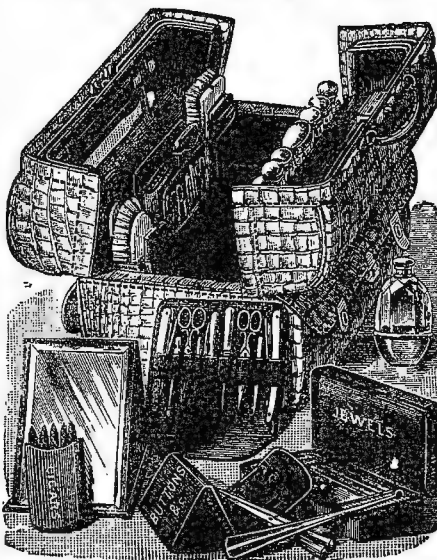
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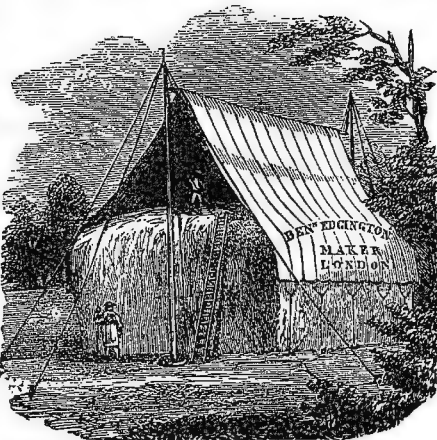
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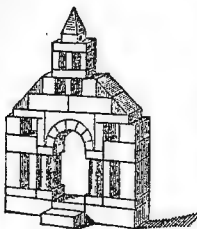


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DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"'Dorothy!' cried Tom, springing to his feet."

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN three or four days Lady Cowper sent for me again to visit her in the morning. She had to tell me that I might now visit my brother in Newgate, for they suffered as many as pleased to visit the prisoners. But that, as for the Physician, my friend—"Child," she said, smiling, "you ought not to have told me. Pray forget that I have the man's secret. Yet was I glad to have seen and conversed with a creature so honest and so faithful. Doth he ask no reward for his services?"

How could he, seeing I had nothing in the world to give him, nor had Tom neither? And the upshot of the whole business to him would be little short of ruin, seeing that his occupation was gone. Lady Crewe dead, Tom, if pardoned or reprieved, probably without any means, I powerless to help, his own youth gone (he was now at least thirty-seven), what would the poor man do in this hard world to get him a living?

"Nay," said Lady Cowper; "a gentleman of his gifts can never starve, though it be long before he finds another patron like Tom, and another place to suit his genius so well as the one now in jeopardy. But, my dear, caution him carefully that he go not near Newgate yet, permission or not. Listen; it is whispered that the evidence against the prisoners will be found in the prison itself; I mean, cousin, that wherever there are conspirators there are traitors; and when it comes to danger for the neck, honour and faith have but a poor chance. Ask me no questions, my dear. None of the gentlemen, our cousins, we may be sure, would consent to save their lives by such villainy. I only warn thee. There may be informers to turn King's Evidence. This Physician—whenever he may be—Lord! I have no memory—if you even told me, I have clean and altogether forgotten where he comes from—Leyden was it, or Muscovy?—Let him not venture within those walls, and, if he value his learned neck, bid him go no more abroad in the streets than is necessary, and if he can disguise his face, let him do so. Informers have one fault: they will still be showing zeal; and, perhaps, to secure a rebel at large might be thought by them more praiseworthy than to convict a rebel in prison."

"As for Tom," she went on. "If he is tried, make him plead guilty. It is his only chance—since he missed the chance of running away on the road. My dear, if Lady Crewe were living, he certainly would never be tried at all."

She said this with so much meaning, that one could not but understand her.

"Perhaps," I said, "Lord Crewe might be willing to do

for his wife's nephew what his wife would have done, had she lived."

She smiled, and looked as if she would like to know more. Then she said, "If that is so, cousin, keep thy secret carefully. Tell me no more; or if you do tell me, forget that you have told me. But best not. Has anything yet been done? But do not tell me. A woman whose husband is the Lord Chancellor must not know these things. Yet my memory is very short. Oh! cousin, tell me or not, as seems you best; but, my dear, be prudent. Do not hurry, yet waste no time."

I told her, then, after reminding her that my brother's life depended on her secrecy, that nothing was yet done, but that we had command of a vast, great sum of money, and Mr. Hilyard was engaged in devising a plan which should be safe and expeditious.

"Mr. Hilyard," she said, "may be an ingenious man; but in such a case as this an ounce of woman's wit, I take it, is worth a pound of man's. No doubt he could tell us how men have broken prison since the first prison-house was erected by some Greek King; that is the way men cheat us, and because they know history, they think they can do everything; here, however, is no case for the boring of holes through the wall. Remember, my dear, the old story of Jupiter when he was in love, and how he got into the tower of the Nymph. You know the pretty, naughty fable? By a shower of gold, my dear. Take your shower of gold in your hand and try. Alas! how one's tongue carries one away. What has the wife of the Lord Chancellor to do with showers of gold and Greek damself? Yet, my cousin, I would to Heaven that Tom was gotten clean away. I told the Princess of your long march to London through the snow and frost, and she wept. Do you think your Prince would have wept? It is the characteristic of that House that they take all the sacrifices of their friends, their death, the ruin of their houses, without weeping, and as part of the Right Divine."

Now this talk set me a-thinking. For Mr. Hilyard was all in the clouds with his great plans, and talked sometimes as if he was about to raise an army or to besiege Newgate, and at other times as if he was inventing the plot of some mighty drama, in which the right people always came on the stage at the right time. Yet these vast projects were, I suppose, but the preliminaries to some more practical scheme. As for what I thought and what I attempted you shall hear presently.

Now when I repeated to Mr. Hilyard some of this conversation, and especially that part of it which related to King's Evidence, he fell into so violent a wrath that I thought he would have had some

sort of fit. For, surely, he declared, there can be no more dreadful wickedness than thus to betray the men with whom you have sworn fidelity. We wrote out lists, so far as we knew them, of all the prisoners brought to London, and we could think of none capable of playing so mean, so treacherous, so contemptible a part. Yet we could not choose but take Lady Cowper's warning seriously, and Mr. Hilyard, with grave face, promised to run no risks that he could avoid.

In spite of his promise he presently fell into so great a danger that he got a terrible fright, and for some time lost confidence in his disguise, and would not venture abroad until nightfall. The way of it was this. Some prisoners being brought to London from Scotland, he must needs, being assured, in his own conceit, against recognition, go stand with the crowd outside the gates of Newgate to see them enter. It was mostly a Jacobite crowd collected to cheer the unhappy men, but there were Whigs among them. Now as Mr. Hilyard, in his sober physician's dress, stood among the rest, some one tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned and saw that it was no other than the Reverend Mr. William Paul, the clergyman who joined the rebels in Lancashire, and escaped through having been sent away with letters. He had put off his cassock, and now, dressed like a plain citizen of London, was come to see the dismal show.

"Ho! brother," he whispered. "Do you not know me? Let us go drink a glass together."

"What?" said Mr. Hilyard. "It is Mr. Paul! Did you recognise me in this disguise?"

"Recognise you? Of course I did; for all your great wig and your sober looks."

While they were thus conversing there stepped from the doors of the prison an officer armed with a truncheon, who laid his hand upon the unfortunate Mr. Paul's shoulder. "In the King's name!" he said. "I have a warrant to arrest the body of the Reverend William Paul." So saying, though the crowd pushed to and fro, and groaned, none dared attempt a rescue, and in a moment the poor man was haled within the prison doors. (He was one of those afterwards executed.) You may be sure that Mr. Hilyard was not long in retreating, and for a few days he did not dare so much as to come to my lodgings.

I thought continually of Lady Cowper's words concerning woman's wit, but came not for a long while into any reasonable way of following her advice, for no other cause, I verily believe, than that I could not at all understand how to spend the twenty thousand pounds which Lord Crewe was ready to give us. When, however, I

began to go to Newgate (of which I will tell immediately) I distinguished a turnkey or officer who belonged especially to the Governor's house; and, partly at first in the hope that to conciliate this fellow might soften Tom's lot in prison, I began to give him money.

He was a cunning-looking rascal, about fifty-five years of age, with a foxy face and red twinkling eyes, which from the first followed me about as if I seemed likely to offer bribes. His fingers were curly from the taking of fees, while as for pity towards the poor unfortunate people in ward, his heart, I am sure, was nothing in the world but a lump of stone; he looked on every prisoner as worth so many guineas, and lamented the death of a criminal just as a physician laments the death of a patient. Finding how greedy he was, and keen after money, I began to consider if I could not use him for some more considerable purpose than a careful attention to Tom, for whom, as he had his own man with him, he could do but little, even if he desired. Therefore I increased my gifts, dropping each day something handsome into his palm, and pretending to be grateful for his (supposed) kindness to my brother.

"Such goodness," I said to him, "deserves a better reward, which it shall certainly obtain if the General steps out of prison. To be sure, if one were to find a willing and a friendly heart, that were easy. Ah! how gladly would one reward such a person! Think of it, Mr. Cropp!"—that was his name.

He grinned and nodded, and said he should not forget what I had said. Then every day that he saw me he would look at me inquiringly, as if to wonder why I did not use his services; and if he got a chance of speaking to me unheard he would whisper, "A friendly and a willing heart, your Ladyship."

This was all my secret. While Mr. Hilyard was concocting great schemes and plots I was simply trying whether a common servant of the gaol would not do the business for us just as well as if we were to set agoing the whole machinery of a five-act comedy with Spanish intrigues and French surprises.

And as for this fellow, it was perfectly plain to me that, though perhaps he might play me false in the end, he was willing to open his ears wide at the mere mention of the words "reward" or "bribe." Therefore I kept him on and off, saying nothing more at the time, but waiting for a favourable opportunity.

The time was not yet ripe, for outside, not only in London, but over the whole country, there was such an uproar that one would have thought it was nothing less than the defeat of the Spanish Armada, instead of a handful of their own misguided countrymen rising inopportunely in a righteous cause. The bells of the City churches were kept a-clanging; bands of men paraded the streets with favours, shouting and challenging the Jacks to come forth and show themselves; there was fighting, drinking, profane swearing, lighting of bonfires, and brandishing of warming-pans all day long, and, I dare say, all night as well. As for me, I saw little of it; but once, going to the prison in a coach, we were stopped by a dozen half-drunken men, who pressed round the doors, swearing that I must drink King George's health, or kiss them all. So I drank to the King, wishing in secret that it might choke his Majesty, and they laughed, and bade the coachman drive on. Why, what a poor cause that must be which wants such swaggerers and drunken reprobates to defend it! The hatred of the people against us was kept up and aggravated, as well, by the sermons of the London clergymen, especially in Nonconformist chapels; and, above all, by the Whig papers, which continually hurled dirt at the unfortunate prisoners and the Cause for which they suffered. Lady Cowper bade me pay no heed to these things, because she said nobody regards what the journals say. Yet it was dreadful to read the things that were written about the wives and friends of the prisoners. We were assailed as tigresses—but, indeed, I cannot repeat what they said; they also pleased themselves by enumerating the possessions and country seats of the Rebels, which they confiscated, sold, and distributed long before the prisoners were tried at all. And they would not so much as listen to a word of mercy.

The first time I went to Newgate, it was expecting nothing short of underground dungeons, chains, gloom, and misery. Yet when I was admitted, the Warden (no other than this same Cropp), after taking my name, and telling me that the General was in the Governor's House with a few other gentlemen, led the way to a large and comfortable room on the first floor, which was his chamber. The only inconvenience about the room was that it served as bedroom, dining-room, and parlour, or withdrawing-room. There was no clank of chains, and nothing to remind one that it was a prison, save the feeling that between the house and the street was an ante-room, with turnkeys and a strong door.

It was in the forenoon; Tom was sitting beside a bright coal fire, his hands in his pockets, his wig and hat lying on the bed, and his head in a warm linen nightcap. Opposite to him sat Mr. Patten, and both were smoking tobacco, early as it was. But they were silent, and they looked sad. As for the Chaplain, who had made so brave a show riding among the prisoners, he was now pale and heavy of eye.

"Dorothy!" cried Tom, springing to his feet. "Why, I knew that she would come after me! Did I not say so, parson? 'Tis a brave girl. Kiss me, lass. So—now, what news? What will Lady Crewe do? What doth her Ladyship say? Will she among her friends—"

"Alas! Tom," I said; "Lady Crewe is dead. She died two months ago after a kind of fit or convulsion for fear that you would be taken. Tom, 'twas all pure love for you that killed her."

At this dreadful intelligence Tom turned quite white, and fell back into his chair. "Lady Crewe dead? Then," he looked round him helplessly, "what shall become of us all?"

"Nay, Tom," I replied. "We know not, yet. But keep up heart, brother. There is time enough yet to consider; and all are agreed that, where so many are concerned, mercy must be shown. For shame's sake they cannot but pardon some of these gentlemen."

"Why," said Tom, "some they may. But I was their General. What do you say to that, Dorothy? Unless they pardon all, I doubt if the General will escape."

"And I," said Mr. Patten, shaking his head, gloomily, "was, alas! his Honour's Chaplain. I doubt they will make an example of me for the encouragement of my cloth. What do they say outside about me, Miss Dorothy?"

"Indeed, Mr. Patten," I told him, "I know little of what they say, for as yet I have seen no one but my cousin, Lady Cowper."

"Miss Dorothy," he said, earnestly, "pray, you that are so tender of heart, when you speak of his Honour to her Ladyship, couple my name with his. Say the General and his Chaplain. Do not suffer them to be separated. The General with his Chaplain. If we have sinned together—nay, I deny not that I exhorted him continually that he was on the Lord's side—we have been taken together. Why, your Honour, Lady Cowper is the wife of the Chancellor—no less. If she pleases she can set us free. But it would cut your generous heart to the quick, I know it, if I were left to hang while you marched out free."

"It would," said Tom. "Fear not, friend, we shall go out together."

"As yet," I told them, "Lady Cowper can do nothing. Nobody can say a word. What she will be able to do afterwards, I know not. Remember that she is a great lady at Court, and a Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales, and must not seem to screen His Highness's friends too much."

Mr. Patten was, it was plain, in a great scare, now that he actually found himself in prison with a prospect of being hanged. I have always been truly thankful that I said nothing at the time of what the Bishop was willing to do; else Mr. Patten (the villain) would have heard and blabbed, and so all been spoiled. Perhaps Tom had heard and blabbed, and so all been spoiled. Perhaps Tom had heard and blabbed, and so all been spoiled. Perhaps Tom had heard and blabbed, and so all been spoiled.

"Why," said Tom, "as for comfort, I suppose whatever you give him, a bird in a cage, or a rat in a trap, is never so comfortable as a bird in the air or a rat in the ditch. For those who have money there is some comfort, as you see; a quiet place at least, where one can take a pipe of tobacco in peace. As for my money, 'tis almost at an end; look you to it, Dorothy, if you can."

I told him that I could find money for him, but that at present he must not ask from whom it came, because I wished him not as yet to know that it came from Lord Crewe.

"So long as it comes," he said, "I care not where it comes from. They made me pay twenty-five guineas for privilege not to wear irons—they are making great fortunes out of us, these turnkeys and warders—twenty-five guineas, and as much for Mr. Patten here—else would his legs be clinking as he went"—Mr. Patten shook his head and sighed. "Ten guineas I paid not to be put on the Common side; and as much for Mr. Patten—else he would be among the poor devils who have got no money, and pig together like sows in a sty—now he hath accommodation with no more than two or three at most in a bed, and the Press Yard to walk in with the gentlemen, and the Ordinary to converse with."

"A worthy man," said Mr. Patten, "but obstinate on the crime of Rebellion, and perhaps over hot for the Protestant Succession."

"Five pounds a week they make us pay for lodging in the Governor's house, and another five pounds for a room to myself; and what with garniture here, garniture there, fees everywhere—hang me if the wealth of London would stand a whole winter in this place. But, perhaps, they won't keep us here the whole winter."

Mr. Patten groaned aloud.

"As for company," Tom went on, "there are all our old friends. Charles Radcliffe, Ned Swinburne and his brother Charles, Perry Widdington, Jack Hall, Dick Stokoe, and all we used to drink with; we can drink and sing together as much as ever, but there does not seem much stomach for it, because, Dorothy, we can no longer ride together, and as for other company, the prison is always full of it."

He then went on to tell me how these friends of ours were treated. The prison consists, first, of what is called the "Common Side," with the "Lions' Den" and the "Middle Dark," where the baser sort are confined. I know not what must be the sufferings of the poor creatures who, for lack of money, are thrust into these dreadful places, which are, to begin with, filled with men and women of the vilest kind, creatures without (as it would seem) one spark left of virtue, religion, or decency. Some of those who were in that dreadful place were my own friends, the gallant lads I had known from childhood. They stayed not long; if the Jacobites of London would not fight they could, and did, find money, and before long every gentleman in the gaol found such accommodation as was possible to be obtained in the place. For those who had money might buy the right of using the Press Yard by day, with beds in the rooms round it belonging to the Governor. As for scenes of despair, I know not what they might suffer on the Common Side, but in the Press Yard, into which I looked, there seemed nothing but jollity, drinking, and mirth. Is it possible, I asked myself, that men who are in peril of being sentenced to death can face the danger with hearts so callous? Why, here was a knot of men in a drinking-box as unconcerned as if they were mere visitors, or the place was a common tavern. Some were playing cards, some were talking vehemently, some quarrelling, some playing skittles, some smoking tobacco, some lounging against doorposts; but as for any decent, God-fearing behaviour, that, I think, one might look for in vain. All day long they spent in the Press Yard, unless at meals; at ten o'clock they were locked in their rooms, where sometimes two or three had to sleep on the same bed, until eight in the morning.

"It is a wretched place," said Tom; "and an insult to a gentleman to send him here. Why, I expected at least such a respect due to my position as to be sent to the Tower; but no; here I am, as you see, shut up with the rank and file, as one may say."

"Yet you are in good company," I said; "since all your old friends are with you."

"Why am I not with the Lords in the Tower?" he repeated. "Surely the General of the Army might be treated with as much consideration as any nobleman under his command. I take it ill, Dorothy, I assure you. Some private enemy hath interposed to rob me of the honour due to me."

I thought that when it came to getting him out, I would rather he was in Newgate than in the Tower; but I did not say so.

"As for my trial," he said, "I care not when it comes on; I am assured that I have friends enough to pack a jury. As for that, they will find it difficult to get any jury to convict. I do not fear, Dorothy. Then it will be our turn next, and we will let these gentlemen have a taste of the Press Yard."

I believe that his friends were right in so advising him; no jury could have been found to agree in a verdict, unless it was made up of Nonconformists. But his face and the faces of all lengthened when they found that they would not be tried by a jury at all. When the Government went back to trial by jury, the verdict in the cases of Ferguson and Innes, Tildesley and Towneley, in which the evidence was plain and yet the prisoners were acquitted, showed how much a jury could be trusted.

"And where," asked Tom, "is honest Tony?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Patten; "hath our good Antony escaped? or was he among those taken to Liverpool?"

He looked, although Mr. Hilyard bore such testimony to his friendliness, as if he would rather hear that he was among the prisoners in the North. I could never believe of this man that he wished Mr. Hilyard well.

"He is safe," I replied; "and I hope we shall hear of his doing a good stroke for us as soon as he can get about without fear." Here again I rejoiced, afterwards, that I did not let Mr. Patten know where his enemy was to be found.

"I would he were with me," said Tom. "I miss him more than enough. Without Tony a bowl of whisky punch seems only half complete. But one would not have him taken neither; while as for singing—I doubt if I shall ever hear another song again."

"Nay, sir," said his Chaplain, "cheer up. The small and unimportant persons, such as myself and Mr. Hilyard, if he be caught, will certainly be hanged, drawn, and quartered. We can expect no less. But for the Quality, who have friends and influence in high places, why, you may be sure to expect favour. As for us—well, let us be thankful that we have done our duty in the world. He who dies for his country—"

"Pshaw!" said Tom. "Thou must for ever be talking about dying. Hang it, Mr. Patten, canst thou not drink about like a Christian, and leave dying till thou art sentenced?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a deep sigh. "Mr. Hilyard is a happy man. Will he not, Miss Dorothy, who can play so many parts, fit upon himself a disguise and visit his old friends?"

"Nay," I said, "Mr. Hilyard is safest without these walls."

"You did not say," he went on, "where he is now in hiding."

I do not know whether he was already contemplating his great villainy, but I mistrusted the man, and so made no reply.

"All the way to London," Tom went on, "we were cheered by the whisper that we should be rescued on the road. Why, where were all the loyal gentlemen we had heard so much of? A hundred gallant fellows with sword and pistol could have done it. Yet they sat still. To-day it was to be in the evening; in the evening, next day; so they cheated us. At last we were to be rescued in the very London streets; yet there was not a voice in our favour, but curses upon us all the way, as if we had not a friend in the City."

They rose on the assurance that there were thousands to join them; they rode contentedly south, looking daily for a rescue by their friends; even in London streets they reckoned on escape. Ah! What a Fool's Paradise was this, in which we had all lived so long! And how wise was I become after my journey among the common sort of England, and all the talk I had heard of Pope and of Pretender? Methinks, though the voice of the people be fickle and variable, they reckon foolishly who reckon without it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NOBLE PROJECT

I HAVE now to tell of a project daring, and yet most simple, which was set on foot at this time, and unknown to any of those most concerned in it—Lady Derwentwater went to her dying day in ignorance of it. True it is that by the Act and overruling Will of Providence the design was frustrated, but I firmly believe it would have succeeded save for this misfortune.

It was not hatched and invented by Mr. Hilyard, whose designs were truly ingenious, but magnificent, as becomes one who hath read the tragic pieces of Greece and Rome, and knows what a plot should be; crooked also, full of surprises, dangers, and demanding the assistance of a great number of people, as is the case always with high tragedy. A simple contrivance was not, in so great a matter, worthy of consideration. This design of which I speak was due to Jenny Lee alone, who must have all the credit, though, in her present condition, the poor creature cannot, I am sure, feel any glory in this, or in any other scheme. You shall presently hear what it was.

Mr. Hilyard, partly with a view of giving me what he called a just view of the noble art of acting, partly that he might lead me to regard Jenny with favour, and partly hoping to divert my mind from the continual contemplation of misfortune, persuaded me one evening to let him carry me to the play. A country-bred woman, who hath seen but one play in her life, may without shame confess that it seemed to her like an enchanted island, and that, though the House was full of finely dressed women and gallant gentlemen, she had no eyes for them, or for anything else, so long as the actors were on the stage. The piece performed was a very fine tragedy, namely, Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, in which, Mr. Hilyard told me, Nelly Gwyn, the mother of the Duke of St. Alban's, formerly played the part now given to Jenny. I confess, further, that I was astonished beyond measure to see this girl, only a short while since a mere slip of a lady's maid, with a curtsey to the ladies and a smile to the gentlemen who chuckled her under the chin (as is a familiar though reprehensible custom in Northumberland), and humble to all, should be transformed into a Princess moving with majesty and heroic courage among the most frightful scenes of war and death. 'Twas truly wonderful!

"There were many," said Mr. Hilyard, when we came away, "who could not listen to the play for looking at the lovely Incognita who was in the boxes"—he meant me. "Thus will beauty prevail even over the splendour of the stage. And when the beaux flocked out and made a lane to see you pass, you looked neither to the right nor to the left, but passed through them all as cold and as heedless as Diana."

"Why," I said, "I was not thinking of them. How should I? My thoughts were with the unlucky Mahomet Boabdillen, the last King of Granada—and with Jenny—I mean—"

"Ah! Miss Dorothy, you will make poor Jenny happy only to let me tell her that she was able to turn your thoughts aside from the crowded house."

I said that if so small a thing could make her happy, she was very welcome to her happiness.

"But it is not all," he persisted. "Jenny humbly desires to pay her respects to you. To the rest of the world she is the Tragedy Queen or the Comic Muse, but to you she bids me say she is, and will always be, your faithful servant."

"Bring her to me, then," I replied, "in Heaven's name."

So he left me at my lodging and went away, I suppose to sup with the actress among her friends.

But next day, about ten in the forenoon, comes, if you please, Jenny herself, not in her own coach, because, I suppose, she did not desire to show off her newly-acquired splendour, but walking, and dressed, not richly, but plainly, though in good materials, and as a wealthy gentlewoman would desire to go abroad.

She made me a deep reverence, and hoped I was in health, and that his Honour my brother was as well as the unfortunate posture of his affairs admitted. In the old times she stood while she answered my questions, but I could not think of allowing a person who could assume the splendid manners I had seen last night to stand, whatever her past history, wherefore I bade her take a chair and be welcome, and congratulated her on her success.

"I thank your ladyship," she replied, "I have succeeded far beyond my hopes. For at first I thought only to act in a barn, or at a fair, like the people I ran away with; it was grand to put on fine clothes and to speak fine verses; and it seemed delightful to be free and have no masters (yet now I have ten thousand). More than this I never thought to do. Yet you see me now at Drury Lane."

"Well, Jenny," I said, "Mr. Hilyard is never tired of singing thy praises; truly, for myself, I understand not acting; yet I saw thee last night, and believe me, child, I marvelled greatly at thy cleverness, thy quickness, and thy courage. Enough said about Drury Lane; tell me now, Jenny, about Mr. Frank Radcliffe."

She blushed a little—but one cannot expect many blushes of an actress!

"It is true," she said, "that I have always had power over Frank Radcliffe, and that of a kind which, except to those of my own people, must appear strange. Nay, I humbly confess that I deceived your Ladyship at Dilton Hall when you surprised me exercising that power, because I was ashamed and afraid. Since then, however, I practice upon him in this way no more. It needs not—Frank is in love with me, and will marry me, when he gets better of his cough."

"But, Jenny, child, Mr. Frank Radcliffe is a gentleman."

"It is true, Madam, and I am only an actress. But he will marry me as soon as he gets better."

"And then he is a Papist; and you are—"

"I am a gipsy, Madam. But he will marry me, as soon as he gets better. At present he is troubled with a hacking cough that gives him no rest night or day. But this will pass when the warm weather comes. And so, your Ladyship, if you please there need be no more said on this head. For Frank will marry me, Papist or Protestant, lady or gipsy, daughter of an earl or plain actress."

She looked so resolute and spoke with such decision, that I now perceived quite clearly my old Jenny was gone and this girl before me was quite another kind of person. But that I had already suspected.

"Wherefore, my Lady," she went on confidently, though in the old humble manner of speech; "my respects paid and these things explained, I desire to lay before you, for your counsel, a project or design of mine own, whereby, if all goes well, we may effect my Lord's escape."

"Oh! Jenny, know you what your words mean?"

"Quite well, Madam. I am happy to see that your Ladyship hath still something of the same interest in my Lord as of old."

"Jenny," I said, "I know not if you are in earnest; but of this be assured. My interest in Lord Derwentwater's welfare is as great as ever; nor could it possibly be greater. If you have any rational project for his deliverance, in Heaven's name, let me hear it. If it be a secret, be sure that I would rather die a hundred deaths than reveal the thing. Tell me, Jenny, what it is."

Then, with many entreaties for secrecy, because the pit of Drury Lane was all for the Protestant Succession, and she would be hissed off the stage if the thing were known or even suspected to have come from her, she revealed her design.

First, she assured me, and I readily believed her, that Frank Radcliffe would do anything she told him to do, being madly in love with her; next, that the thing she wanted him to do was perfectly easy, without much danger, and such a thing as would make the ears of those that heard it to tingle; thirdly, that Frank had never ceased to lament his lot as an English gentleman who yet, for his religion's sake, was not allowed to take any part in the affairs of the nation, and condemned to a private and inglorious life; and then, after this preamble, she opened her design to me. It was, in fact, nothing less than this.

Frank Radcliffe, as everybody knows, was so much like his brother, save that he was somewhat taller of stature and thinner, that in the dusk, and among those who knew his brother imperfectly, he might very well pass for him. Jenny, therefore, proposed that, disguised by herself with a little painting of eyebrows and face, and some artful touches about nose and mouth, Frank should go with her, under some other name, to see his brother in the Tower. There was at this time little difficulty about the admission of visitors; everybody was passed in who pleased; they might even go into the Bell Tower among the common people admitted by the Wardens, and so by a small bribe, or by entreaty, or by pretence of some kind or other, obtain admission.

"Now hearken. Once in my Lord's chamber," said Jenny, "I whip out my hare's foot and my sponge; I quickly rub out the make-up of Frank and transfer it to my Lord, giving him dark eyebrows, lips turned down, eyes longer than natural, and a mouth a little turned to one side (which disguises most wonderfully). I shorten his chin by a line of chalk; I give his nose the least touch of red; and I paint his cheek with a touch or two of red which now it lacks. This done, they exchange periwigs and coats. Frank takes my Lord's long wig and scarlet coat, and he Frank's brown drugged and plain curled wig of black horsehair. Then we go away crying—I will cry so as to move all hearts; but I am not certain yet what I am to be, whether his nurse, or his old aunt, Lady Mary, or even his mother—my Lord will come with me, wagging his head as they do on the stage—so—to show sympathy and sorrow—and Frank will for a moment show his noble face at the door just to disarm suspicion, and so back again quickly, and sit down quiet till time hath passed sufficient for us to get out of the Tower and away—whither away we must settle when we have effected our escape."

This was truly a notable project. Did Frank know of it?

"That," said Jenny, "is the trouble for us. At present he knows nothing, but is low in his spirits, thinking of his brother a prisoner, and himself little better, since his cough is so bad. I fear as yet to tell him, lest it make him feverish and anxious to be up and about, whereas he ought at present to be resting and getting well."

So for the present we said no more upon that head, except that Frank was not to be told until his cough was better.

"As for that," said Jenny, "the physicians do no good with him, and an hour of my art is worth fifty of theirs. If I were with him always I could cure him of his cough, or of anything. Alas! Miss Dorothy, you know not what this power of mine can do for him."

"Jenny," I asked earnestly, "is it by possession of the Devil? Tell me, for the sake of thine eternal soul."

She laughed at this. "I have never seen the Devil, at least," she said; "and I know nought of him. Truly, my grandmother might tell you more; but she teaches the poor old woman! only what her mother taught her. As for the Devil, we gipsies know nothing of any Devil. Yet I think that if our art were known, all the world would flock to us to be healed, instead of to physicians. If I were to tell your Ladyship what things I have seen and what pains allayed—all in a moment—but you would never believe me."

"Yet—oh! Jenny—can it be right to use a magic power?"

"Magic—magic?" she repeated; "what is magic? My people have secrets, and I know something of them. Why—" she sprang to her feet and flung out her arms—"I am a gipsy, and I have been your Ladyship's servant, and I am an actress, and hundreds of fine gentlemen love me—in the way of fine gentlemen; and one man loves me so well that he would take me away and make me his wife, being such as I am. What can I do for that gentleman? Oh! Miss Dorothy, if my art were, indeed, as you think it, of the Devil, I would still practise it daily, if thus I could restore my Frank to health."

(To be continued)



"OMNIA VANITAS: A TALE OF SOCIETY" (1 vol.: Hurst and Blackett), is a sermon against certain phases of society, without any attempt at cynicism or satire, and preached by no means badly. The story is exceedingly simple and straightforward, and, despite the absence of anything in the shape of humour, will amuse with its often photographic fidelity of detail many who will not feel much interest in its tragic side. The portrait of the central character, Lady Lester, it is to be feared, is only too accurate a portrait of many a woman who learns to imagine life nothing but a blank blunder, simply because she is incapable of imagining that it has no centre but herself, and because she mistakes ignorant speculation on the profoundest of questions for intellectual scepticism. All this is described and developed remarkably well, and without the least over-colouring, and only errs through an excess of sympathy with the condition described. The legion of actual Lady Lesters stands in need of a pen which will clearly prove to them that they are just conceited simpletons, and not a pen which will make them regard themselves as interesting cases. The novel will do them good, if they take it to heart in the right way; but then there is the danger that they will be half in love with follies which can be preached against so respectfully and so tenderly. Naturally, the matrimonial perils of husbands who believe in nothing but their own pleasures, and of wives who believe in nothing but their own miseries, provide the main subject of a novel of this order—and here again one touch of ridicule would have been worth a bushel of sentiment, though the latter is entirely on the right side. The author is happiest in dealing with the minor social sins, such as the passion for random gossip, and the idea that no talk can be worth making unless it be about people, and ill-natured of its kind. It needs no power of satire to deal with this matter, while there is no room for sentimentality.

On the whole, "Omnia Vanitas" is worth reading—especially as it has the great merits of simplicity, of sincerity, of accurately reproducing not easily tangible feelings, and of not being too long.

It is not a little extraordinary that an experienced writer of fiction like Mr. Farjeon should display such singular ignorance of character as is apparent throughout "The House of White Shadows" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). His choice of a plot is unintelligible, except on the ground that his long silence has deprived him either of all recollection of the ordinary ways of the world, or else of the knack of concealing want of knowledge. It is based upon a curiously comical absurdity, which may be cordially recommended for the amusement or bewilderment of criminal lawyers in particular. A clever advocate occupies a holiday in obtaining the acquittal of a culprit charged with murder. In the teeth of evidence and prejudice he triumphantly succeeds; and then it turns out that his client was guilty after all. Naturally one would think that the advocate's pride and reputation would make an immense stride. To obtain the acquittal of a prisoner, whether guilty or innocent, in the face of such overwhelming difficulties would cover him with forensic glory. But not so, according to Mr. Farjeon. The afterwards proven guilt of the murderer would cover his advocate with obloquy, and bring him to ruin. So keenly does the unhappy counsel dread this result, and the public suspicion that he knew his client to be guilty while defending him, that he becomes the latter's abject slave, and pays black mail to keep the murderer from betraying himself, and therefore his counsel. The least unsatisfactory point of the story is that all the characters are swept away either by lightning or flood—at least all the principal, except a certain "Fool Fritz," who takes the part of humourist and philosopher, and certainly deserves his title less than the impossible shadows on stilts whom Mr. Farjeon appears to intend for men and women.

"Not Like Other Girls," a novel, by Rosa Nouchette Carey (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is the history of three charming and amiable sisters, who are certainly very unlike most other girls in meeting no difficulties in life that they do not overcome with ease. Ruined by the failure of a bank, they fall back upon their genius for dressmaking, and look so well in their own manufactures that customers at once crowd upon them. All the dressmaking business, of which there is a great deal, is lively and life-like, and is certain to attract a vast amount of interest and sympathy. The story has the somewhat antique moral that girls who, instead of sitting down under adversity, will do their best to help themselves, are sure in the end to marry admirable squires and parsons. It would have been still more effective if the authoress had given at least one of the three sisters to a peer. Her circle of readers would, we are sure, have liked just one peer. In point of style, the novel is nicely written, and not more ungrammatically than is becoming in a novelist of the period, and, on the whole, merits a considerable amount of praise. It cannot possibly do harm, and it may even do some good by encouraging a spirit of cheerfulness and self-reliance, and by showing that no lady need be ashamed of following an honest calling. It is essentially a womanly book, in the best of senses: and it is perhaps therefore an almost inevitable fault that all the male characters should be so much more like amiable young women than men. The hero of the lady novelist mostly hovers between a young lady who has strayed by mistake into the opposite sex, and a ruffianly blackguard: and we much prefer the former on the whole. It may be thought that "Not Like Other Girls" belongs somewhat to the small-beer chronicles; but then the small-beer is distinctly wholesome, bright, and by no means unrefreshing.



It is comforting to find that Dean Church, while he fully acknowledges Mr. Spedding's thoroughness and other good qualities, unhesitatingly affirms the popular verdict against "Bacon" ("English Men of Letters," Macmillan). Here, as in other cases, Macaulay's coarse, exaggerated invective set the pendulum swinging the other way; but it could not fail to swing back, and in this, which is at once one of the most popular and the most scholarly of these excellent little volumes, we think it finds its true position. His conduct to Essex is the crucial test of Bacon's character; and (in the Dean's words) "No one who reads his anxious letters about preferment and the Queen's favour can doubt that the question was between his own prospects and his friend, and that to his own interest he sacrificed his friend and his own honour." As usually happens in such cases, the result was miserably disappointing. The chief fine which fell to him was 1,200*l.*—less than Essex's gift to him in 1594. Dean Church is specially clear on the matter of Bacon's fall, the last act of that long rivalry between him and Coke, between Chancery and Common Law, in which Buckingham showed the perfidy of utter selfishness. Of the Baconian philosophy the Dean's estimate is a very just one; though he is the father of modern science, in that from him came the idea that the first thing to be done was to widely examine facts and to systematise them, it is equally true that his methods contributed nothing to its actual discoveries, neither, indeed, could they possibly have done so. His was the faith of the discoverer, the voice of the prophet, not the engineer's skill, the architect's creativeness." He said of himself: "I only sound the clarion, but I enter not into the battle." His "Hunt of Pan;" his three Tables of Instances, "Presence, Absence, and Degrees"—all the sifting and cross-examining processes which lead up to his "First Vintage," are found to be "as impracticable and as barren of results as those deductive philosophies on which he lavished his scorn. His attempt to elicit anything positive out of them breaks down or ends in guesses." Dean Church claims for Bacon a religion "which elevated his thoughts, and was a refuge and stronghold in times of trouble." It is hard to conceive how such a religion can be compatible with a servile baseness, of which the only explanation is that "he looked on the great as he did on Nature, of which he said *vincitur cedendo*;" yet it was so in him, and has been as servile in others. The Dean confesses he is in the dark as to why Essex failed in Ireland. Had he read Sir J. Pope Hennessy's "Raleigh," he would have seen that but for Raleigh's machinations Essex's Irish career would have been a success of the noblest kind. Essex came home disappointed and disgraced, because all along Raleigh, who had the ear of Elizabeth, had used his influence to thwart his benefactor. His treatment of Essex was perhaps a shade worse than Bacon's.

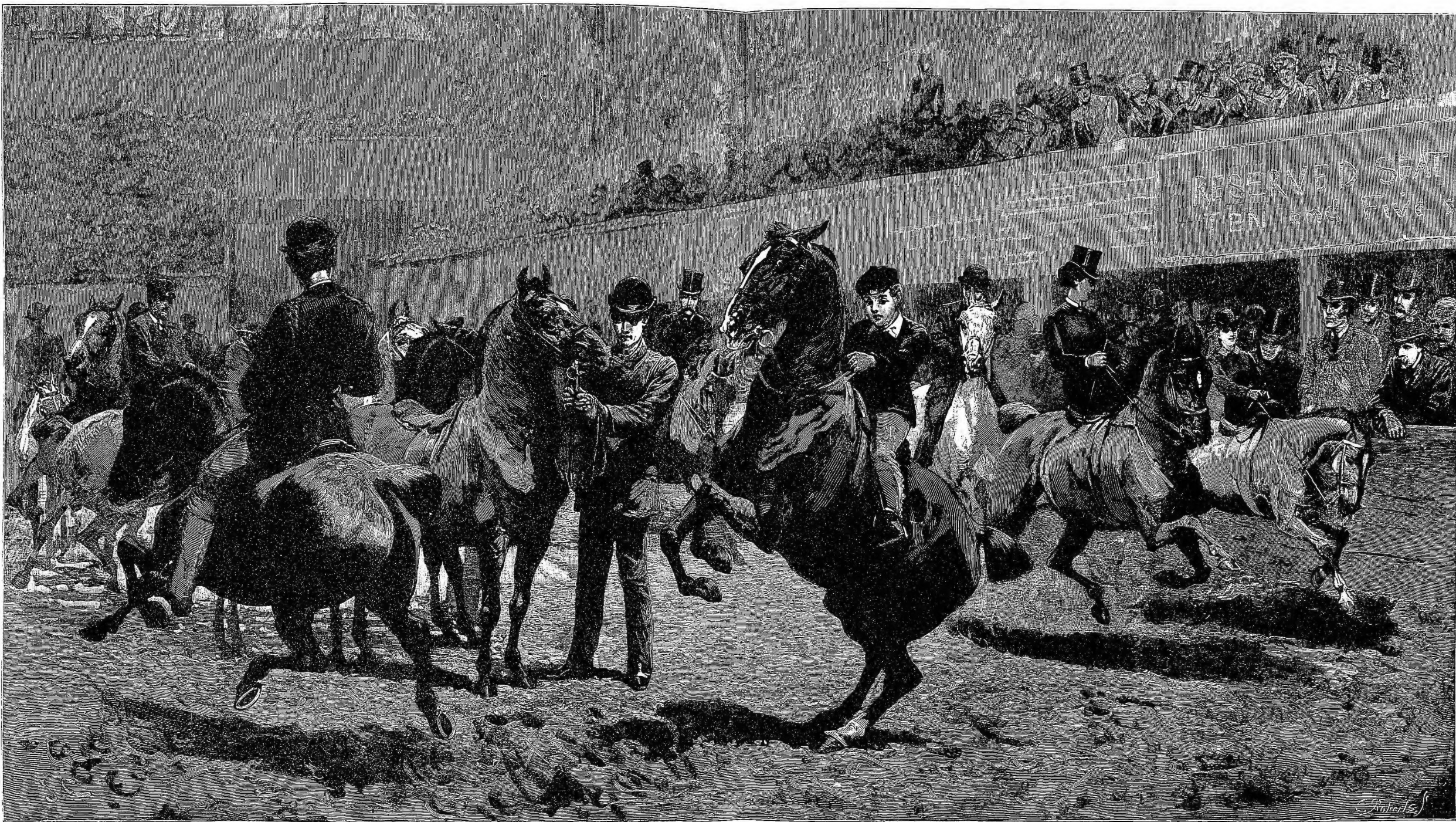
No literary secret has ever been better kept than the authorship of "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" (Chambers). Had Mr. Ireland died and made no sign the book would have ranked with the "Letters of Junius;" but when Mr. William Chambers, the author's brother, passed away a year ago, Mr. Ireland felt free to publish a fact which during forty years had never been made known to more than four (one of them the author's wife), and of which he had now become sole depositary. The book was published in 1844, having been thought out in the quiet of St. Andrew's, whither Robert Chambers retired in 1841. Mr. Irvine was then living at Manchester, and the MS. was sent to him to be forwarded to Mr. Churchill. The proofs were returned to Mr.

Irvine, and by him sent to St. Andrew's, whence they were again dispatched to him for final transmission to London. This circuitous process threw both printer and publisher off the scent, and a good many can remember how the publication at once gave rise to the wildest guesses, from the then Dean of York (whom Mr. Ireland does not mention) to Thackeray and Lord Byron's daughter, Lady Lovelace. Freedom of thought has advanced so wonderfully in a single generation that it is hard to enter into the motives which prompted Mr. Chambers to conceal the authorship. The rule of the Chambers firm was to keep clear of all debateable questions of politics and theology; and the author of such a book as the "Vestiges" would necessarily have been involved in bitter, and perhaps painful, personal disputes. We know that even anonymity proved no shelter. Men of science, like Sir J. Herschell and Professor Sedgwick, looked with disfavour on the idea of all-pervading law; and the only voices then raised in praise of the unknown author were those of Professor Frank Newman (in the "Prospective Review") and of Professor Baden Powell. There is naturally a great difference between this (twelfth) and the original edition. We are glad that while "A Sequel to the 'Vestiges'" (published in 1845) was embodied in subsequent editions, none of the curious details about Mr. Crosse and his "Acarus" (supposed to have been developed and animated by electricity) are omitted. The book fully deserves Darwin's commendation: "it did excellent service in calling attention to the subject, in preparing the ground and removing prejudice;" and it is very interesting to notice how far the author, and Lamarck on whom his theories are based, had thus early progressed on the line along which Darwin's careful observations have since built a firm road. It is not too much to say of Mr. R. Chambers that he was the first Briton who grasped what has now become the ruling idea of the scientific world. The way in which, in the Appendix, Sedgwick, who had added to his article in the *Edinburgh* a bitter attack on the "Vestiges" in his book about Cambridge studies, is humorously "pounded to jelly," is very amusing, and contrasts with the solemn tone of a good deal of the work which, in the author's view, was: "An emanation of the higher feelings, and therefore not to be disgraced with puffing advertisements and such-like devices of the publisher."

We seem of late to have been rather overdone with analogies between animal and vegetable life, the fashion for tracing which, by the way, is much older than our century. Dr. J. E. Taylor speaks of it as one which has grown up within the last few years, and he is so far right that we now have sober fact where, until botany had been studied from its biological side, there was nothing but fancy. Still, it is hard on plants to attribute to them our moral defects because protoplasm is the physical basis of life alike for plant and animal. Plants have no specialised nerves; to talk therefore of their practising co-operation, and getting their digestions out of order (the carnivora amongst them), of their being poor and bankrupt, and guilty of robbery and murder, is but a pleasant figure of speech, despite Dr. Taylor's attempts to prove that morality may be predicated of unconscious agents. Nevertheless, though we demur to his fundamental assumption, and therefore to his title, "The Sagacity and Morality of Plants" (Chatto and Windus) is a delightful book, as readable as Grant Allen at his best, and (especially in the introductory chapter, called "Statmg the Case") going more into detail than Mr. Allen usually does. It contains all the cream of Kerner and Wallace and Müller; and, wonderful as is the story which it tells, it asserts nothing for which there is not the guarantee of some careful observer. Thus, the double colours of many flowers, comfrey, for instance, and bugloss, Müller attributed to fertilisation—the red in bugloss changing to blue when this process is accomplished; he invariably found the blue flowers were empty of honey. Whether this is not a case of imperfect induction we think it is for future observers to determine. At any rate, Dr. Taylor can quote an observed fact, though when he goes on to say that an intelligent bee at once knows by the change of colour which flower it is useless to visit, he is building more on Müller's slight fact than it can fairly be made to support. The chapter on fruit differentiation ought to be a great help to the young botanist, who will not (after reading it) fall into the mistake of imagining that the fleshy receptacle which we call a strawberry is the same kind of thing as the clump of combined fruits which are agglomerated into a raspberry. Plants are adepts in what Dr. Taylor calls political economy; and florists take advantage of this to the confusion of their customers, who buy a lily in splendid bloom, and are disgusted to find next year no bloom at all, or something not worth looking at. In the "Geographical Vicissitudes of Plants" Dr. Taylor corrects several popular errors about the carboniferous and other geological *flora*. We heartily recommend the book.

Few Englishmen have any doubt of the influence of Wyclif on Huss and the Bohemian reformers; we are accustomed to connect it with the presence among us of "good Queen Anne." But Dr. J. Loserth in "Wiclif and Hus" (Hodder and Stoughton) quotes a long series of German and Czech writers, from Pelzel to Neander and Helfert, who deny this influence wholly or in great part; and, therefore, he has felt himself obliged to write an elaborate treatise bristling with proof-passages from Huss's own writings, which are shown to be almost wholly taken from Wyclif's treatises. Dr. Loserth's task would have been easier were it not that so few of Wyclif's writings have been published; "he is counted one of the most learned theologians of his age, and his treatises mouldier in the dust." There could be no better way of celebrating the impending quincenary than by editing the "De Ecclesiâ" in the style of Lecler's Oxford edition of the "Trialogus." Dr. Loserth says nothing of the wave of protest, which, set in motion perhaps by the Bulgarians in the East, was felt as far west as Languedoc and the Piedmont valleys. The movement had long been "in the air" when Wyclif, with his Oxford training, became its prophet; and circumstances caused his word to be taken in Bohemia as the best expression of what had long been stirring in men's hearts. Dr. Loserth's book is an amusing specimen of the thousand and one monographs in which scholarly Germans let off their superabundant combativeness. It is translated (doubtless with a view to the Quincenary) in a way which will add not a little to the reader's amusement. Mr. Evans's delightfully literal rendering accentuates his author's peculiarities.

"The Young Teacher;" "From Christ to Constantine;" and "A Teacher's Commentary on St. Mark" (Sunday School Union) are due to a suggestion for the better training of Sunday School teachers which was made four years ago at the Centenary. An International Normal Committee was formed, including Vice-Chancellor Blake of Toronto, Dr. Newton of Philadelphia, Mr. Groser of London, &c.; and several text-books have been published, including (besides those before us) a "Primer of Christian Evidence." In "The Young Teacher" Mr. Groser draws on his wide experience for a vast number of useful hints and suggestions. Free from anything like sectarianism, his manual cannot fail to be useful to teachers of all denominations. Of Mr. Adeney's "History" we will only say that a man (or Gorton girl) who knows it well will make a good figure in a University Theological. It is uncompromisingly Protestant; and all the hard things that Hippolytus (if he it was) said of that embezzling banker's clerk Calistus, who afterwards became Pope, are put down as Gospel. Mr. Adeney would revive the Catechuminate, of which he rightly holds that Confirmation is a mere shadow. We should like to belong to a class whose teacher was well-up in this useful little volume. The Rev. R. Glover's "Commentary" is ably done and thoroughly suited to its purpose. It does not shirk difficulties. The remarks



HORSE-SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL-PONIES IN THE RING

on the genuineness of the closing verses of St. Mark are admirable.

The Rev. J. Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language" (Blackwood) approaches completion. Part VIII. takes us to "renown." We are glad to note that, under "renaissance," the alternative form "renascence" is given.

When Mr. J. S. Hill, of St. John's, Cambridge, began to read with a view of writing for the Maitland Prize, he was strongly prejudiced against the anti-opium agitators; but as he read he became a convert, and, in "The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade" (H. Frowde), which gained the prize two years ago, he not only gives a very readable account of the history of the traffic, but also most strongly maintains its immorality. He has an answer, too, to the economists. While the Chinese spend nearly seventeen millions a year in opium, their power of purchasing our cottons, woollens, &c., is limited by that vast sum. Hence the abolition of the traffic would be a boon to the English artisan. The essay has a brief preface by Mr. Justice Fry.

Sir James Stephen's Cardiff charge has brought "Cremation" (Smith and Elder) prominently before the public, and Sir H. Thompson, its old advocate, follows up the victory of the Cremationists with a timely reprint of his papers in the *Contemporary*, appending to them an address by Sir T. Spencer Wells, late President of the College of Surgeons. Those who fear lest cremation should give increased facilities for poisoning should read what Sir H. Thompson says of the extreme imperfection of our present system of death certificates. In South Wales it appeared from a late return that there was an epidemic of consumption, just because non-medical certifiers thought that a good word to cover any kind of lingering death. There can be no safety without an official verifier; and cremation, be it remembered, would not prevent stomach and viscera being kept for fifteen or twenty years in cases of suspicion. The state of our cemeteries shows that something must be done ere long.

We have to note the receipt of the following well-known books of reference:—The May number of Mr. J. Watson Lyall's "Sportsman's Guide to the Rivers, Moors, and Lochs of Scotland" (15, Pall Mall, S.W.), a quite indispensable handbook for sportsmen north of the Tweed; "Webster's Royal Red Book" for 1884 (A. Webster and Larkin), with its useful tables of information, in addition to the directory proper; and the "Club Almanac" for 1884 (Paris: Hinrichsen et Cie). This is the second year of the publication of the "Club Almanac," and so crammed is it with information of interest to sporting and social circles in all parts of the world that its success is by this time probably assured. It is the aim of the editors to make the handy little volume indispensable to the man of the world "en sa double qualité de Clubman et de Sportsman."

No. III. of "Artists at Home," which contains portraits of Alma-Tadema, R. Redgrave, J. Pettie, and F. Dicksee, has now been published. It is almost unnecessary to say anything of the publication except that the illustrations are well reproduced by photo-engraving. The subject is one of decided interest, as the original plates (by J. P. Mayall) are taken, as the name implies, in the studios of our most well-known artists.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

IV.

BESIDES the small Oriental scenes already mentioned, Mr. J. E. Hodgson sends a large picture showing the sailors and marines of an English ship-of-war attending Divine Service between decks. Every separate head is a good study of character, but, by reason of its formality and monotony of tone, the picture as a whole is not very agreeable. Literal like this, and somewhat prosaic, is Mr. Val Prinsep's "The Saturday Dole in Worcester Chapter House." While an almoner distributes bread to men, women, and children, an affected young curate, who seems to be trying to assume the attitude of a weak-kneed saint in a fourteenth-century picture, blandly superintends the proceeding. The other persons present are of a very common-place kind, and the painter has not rendered them interesting by any vivacity of expression. A pleasant picture of Italian sea-coast life, by Mr. F. W. W. Topham, sunny in effect and true in local colour, represents women at work and children at play in the shadow of a ship drawn up on the sand. A certain coarseness of executive method which Mr. H. Herkomer has lately contracted, together with the monotony of colour that we have sometimes observed in his oil pictures, detract considerably from the value of his large "Pressing to the West." The emigrants of different nationalities, who by the light of early morning are seen huddled together in a large comfortless building, are, however, strikingly true types of character. Their various emotions are naturally expressed, and the picture as a whole strongly impresses the spectator with a sense of reality. There appears to be no exaggeration in the squalid wretchedness depicted, and there is certainly no false sentiment. Mr. Herkomer also exhibits portraits of three clergymen, all showing a keen perception of character, but handled in a rough and reckless manner; the shadows are unnecessarily black, and the flesh tints harsh and crude.

Mr. Frank Holl appears this year in great force. We have seen nothing by him more life-like, more masterly, and at the same time more restrained in style than the half-lengths of "Viscount Cranbrook" and "E. H. Carbutt, Esq., M.P." Another excellent example of his work is the full-length of "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," painted for the Middle Temple. The Prince, who wears the insignia of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, stands, as if listening to an address, in a dignified but easy and habitual attitude. The likeness is excellent, and there is a grave simplicity in the treatment of the work not often seen in portraits of a ceremonial kind. Of many fine portraits by Mr. W. W. Ouless, that of Mr. Hodgson, already alluded to, seems to us the most subtle as a rendering of individual character, and the most complete; but the half-lengths of "Canon Fremantle" and "Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P.," are not much inferior to it. Mr. T. Blake Wigram appears to greater advantage than on any former occasion, his portrait of an elderly lady in the first room being especially worthy of notice for its refinement of style and sound workmanship. Forcible and facile brush-work is the chief characteristic of the very large picture by the American artist, Mr. John S. Sargent, who has lately acquired great popularity in Paris. A long and sweeping white satin dress is the real subject of the work, the lady who inhabits it being quite subordinate. The head by Mr. J. B. Burgess of "E. A. Goodall, Esq.," is remarkable for its very animated expression as well as its striking fidelity as a likeness. Mr. H. Fantin's low-toned "Portrait of a Lady" seems to be a good example of his refined manner, but it is hung so high that its beauties can scarcely be seen.

A picture of moderate size, "Day Breaking," by the eminent Dutch painter, H. W. Mesdag, is hung quite at the top of the fifth gallery, while a larger work by him, "Scheveningen," with women and children waiting for the herring-boats, occupies a similar position in another room. It is possible to see that they are both true in atmospheric effect, but the fine modulations of tone, never absent from the artist's work, are entirely lost. The wintry landscape with peasants returning home "After Work," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, is certainly entitled to a better place than has been accorded to it. It appears to be the best work that the painter has produced; the stormy sky and its influence on the landscape are

most truthfully rendered, and the figures, which are on a larger scale than is customary with him, are in perfect keeping with the other elements of the scene. Among many other pictures occupying worse places than they deserve are Mr. Leslie Thompson's low-toned and spacious landscape "Afternoon," and a fresh and bright sea-coast picture by Mr. W. H. Bartlett. Miss Clara Montalba's large view of "Middleburg," glowing with warm evening light, is so rich in colour, so broad in effect, and so luminous that it loses little by being placed above the line of sight.

Mr. Blandford Fletcher, whose name we have not met with before, has several pictures displaying great ability. The largest of them, "A Leader of Public Opinion," in which an old man is seen dogmatically lecturing his neighbours in a picturesque Breton street, is solidly handled, and shows much skill in characterisation; but it is rather opaque, and fails to convey the impression of space. A better work, as regards colour and keeping, is his smaller "Kitchen Garden in November." Like this artist, Mr. Stanhope Forbes has evidently acquired his technical method in France. His "Peasants Preparing for Market, Quimperlé," are full of character, and painted with great breadth and force; but a blue tint, neither agreeable nor true, pervades the picture. A surprisingly good picture, of small size, by Mr. Sydney W. Lee, an artist hitherto unknown, represents a soldier of the last century discussing the question, "Is Duelling Lawful?" with a jovial parson over a bowl of punch. It shows not only considerable expressive power, but a great amount of technical accomplishment; it is painted throughout with a firm and free touch, and leaves little to be desired as regards colour or keeping. Among other good works by painters whose names are not familiar to the public are Mr. Thurlow Hunt's "In the Sunny South," in which the effect of steady sunshine is well rendered; and Mr. W. Heath Wilson's glowing "Sunset From the Shore of Carrara." By Mary L. Breakell there is a broadly and well-painted interior, "Grandfather's Workshop;" and by Emily M. Merrick a large picture, a little crude in parts, but showing great ability, in which a dirty little flower-girl is seen placing a primrose in the button-hole of a still dirtier little crossing-sweeper.

The Sculpture Galleries contain, together with a large amount of uninteresting matter, a few works of an imaginative kind of extraordinary merit. The first of these that we meet with immediately on entering the Central Hall is by the French sculptor, M. A. Rodin, who has very rapidly risen into eminence. "L'Age d'Airain," as it is entitled, is a life-sized bronze figure of a man with his arms raised. Uncertainty may reasonably exist as to what the sculptor meant to express by the action of the figure, but there can be little question as to its grandeur of style and the profound knowledge of the human form that it displays. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Icarus," also in bronze, is on a much smaller scale. Although it does not quite justify the extravagant eulogiums that have been lavished on it, this is a work of rare ability, greatly superior to the "Perseus" that the artist exhibited in Paris last year. The figure of the youth, who, with long wings bound to his arms, stands as if he were about to spring from the earth, cannot be regarded as a type of perfect form, but it is full of vitality. The long and slender legs seem scarcely consistent with the massive torso and muscular arms, but complete scientific knowledge of human structure is shown in the modelling of every part of the figure. By the same artist there is a very fine bronze head of a wrinkled old man. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's plaster figure, "The Mower," if less imaginative than Mr. Gilbert's figure, is more consistent. The labourer who, with suspended scythe, is standing on a river's bank, is an admirable type of well-developed youthful manhood. The figure is remarkable, not only for its fine modelling of form, but its easy mobility and spontaneous grace of attitude. The vitality that distinguishes these works is absent from Mr. Birch's group of "Lady Godiva" and her horse. The only work by Mr. Woolner is a very finely-modelled figure in very high relief of a partially-draped maiden, in a pensive mood, gently pressing her foot on the broad leaf of a water-lily. Mr. Armistead has a highly-finished statuette of a draped female figure, "Egypt;" and Mr. G. A. Lawson a large statue of a gladiator brandishing a spear, vigorous in action and well modelled. The group in low relief of "Socrates Teaching the People in the Agora," that gained the Academy gold medal last year, is distinguished by beauty of composition and simple dignity of style. We have seldom seen so good a work by a very young sculptor. Mr. Boehm sends strikingly life-like busts in terra-cotta of "Herbert Spencer" and "Dr. Cumberbatch," and a capital bronze of "Lord Wolseley." Among other good examples of portrait sculpture are Mr. S. Fry's bust of "R. Norman Shaw, Esq., R.A.," Mr. Brock's colossal figure of "Sir Richard Temple," and Mr. A. Bruce Joy's terra-cotta bust of "Miss Mary Anderson."



MESSRS. S. SPRAGUE AND CO.—A clever and well-written song of medium compass is "Who Can Say?" written and composed by Edward Oxenford and J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc., Oxon.—"Waiting at the Gate" is a naïve little poem by Helen Marion Burnside, music by H. Stanislaus. We advise mothers who have daughters given to flirting on a liberal scale to keep this song out of their way.—"Do You Remember, Darling?" music by Nelson Bennett, has words which are full of vain repetitions, from an unknown pen. This song will suit very sentimental young people.—"The Universal Organist," No. 9, is Book of Marches (First Selection, arranged by F. Archer); I. and IV. are "Wedding March" and "Funeral March" (Mendelssohn); II., March in C (G. Adams); III., March from Occasional Anthem (Handel); V., "Grand March" (Sir Julius Benedict); VI., "March in *Scipio*" (Handel); "Sweet Dorothy Valse;" by S. Le Jeune; and "Ta-Ta Polka," by Gilbert Bass, are two pleasing specimens of dance music.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 62, Vol. 8, of "The Organist's Quarterly Journal" is a specially good number. It commences with an "Improvisata en Forme d'Ouverture" (a decidedly obscure title), by E. Townshend Driffeld, which is the *pièce de résistance* of the present issue, and evidently the work of a practised musician. Next comes a "Postlude in D," by W. Conrad, followed by "Andante Espressivo," by George Gardner, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Both these pieces are brief and melodious. They will prove great acquisitions to organists of ability.—"Sonata di Chiesa" is somewhat more difficult than the two before-named works. It is very creditable to its composer, Edwin Edwards, F.O.C.—The concluding piece is a masterly "Prælium et Fuga," by William Hepworth.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Singers in search of novelty will find it in a very pleasant form in "The Pride of Caer Gwent," a Wykehamist ballad; words by the Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, music by Albert Dawes. It is really a quaint and charming composition, well worthy the attention of an intelligent singer. The compass is from D below the lines to E on the fourth space.—"Oh! Lady, Leave Thy Silken Thread" is a graceful and tender little poem by Thomas Hood, set to music by Ignace Gibsone: there is much originality in this song, which deserves to take a foremost position amongst the ballads of the period.—Again comes an arrangement of J. Ascher's time-honoured romance,

"Alice, Where Art Thou?" this time in the form of a vocal duet, entitled "Life's Dream is O'er, Farewell."—There is really something new, and highly to be commended for its plainness and simplicity, in "Eisold's New Method for Beginners on the Piano-forte, Teaching Time, Tone, and Touch." To quote from the composer's brief preface: "Being convinced, by long experience, of the necessity of conciseness in instruction books, I have written this method with that special object in view." Success has certainly crowned his efforts. It is long since we have met with so excellent a method.—Replete with that melodious beauty for which Sir Julius Benedict has been celebrated during the half-century which he has spent amongst us is an "Andantino," arranged most skilfully for the organ by H. Drew.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN unequal work, though containing passages of considerable merit, is "Three Sheiks, an Oriental narration, and The Fishers, a cantata," by Henry Rose (Isbister). The latter piece may be dismissed as being neither better nor worse than the average of verses intended for music; the former demands more attention. Of the three tales of which it consists, the first is immeasurably the best—it is like an episode from the "Arabian Nights," and the descriptions of the sea of fire, the magic bird, and the enchanted temple show both imagination and descriptive power. Very good also is the description in the second tale of the submarine treasure cavern, but the wind-up of the story is rather ineffective, whilst the third narrative lacks interest. The blank verse is fairly good, but we could have spared the hexameters.

"Prairie Pictures; Lilith; and other Poems," by John Cameron Grant (Longmans), is decidedly good, and the descriptions of North American scenery are quite enthralling, and make the reader long for personal experience of the gorgeous flora with which the author shows so intimate an acquaintance, as well as of the various phases of life in the wilderness. But it is not only by his pictures of natural history that Mr. Grant's melodious poems are distinguished; they contain deep and earnest thought; witness a passage, at page 47, on the plurality of worlds, the mystical piece, "Lilith;" dealing with "the ne'er impossible she;" and, best of all, "Vicisti." Mr. Grant's reputation will be enhanced by his latest volumes.

In "The Lily of the Lyn, and other Poems," by H. J. Skinner (Kegan Paul), we fail to discover more than the careful work of a scholarly mind strongly influenced by a well-known living poet. This is specially apparent in the "Stanzas to Ireland" and "A Song of the Sea," which latter, however, tells a rather dramatic story, as the scene of the drone's death and Mary's rescue is not without power. The dedicatory preface disarms adverse criticism to a certain extent.

Better in intention than in execution, "Primroses: the Beaconsfield Elegy" (Griffith and Farran), will yet appeal to and command the sympathies of a wide circle. The attempt at a new modification of the Spenserian stanza is daring, and not wholly unsuccessful. In speaking of "hexameters," the anonymous author probably meant to convey "alexandrines;" but it always seems to us a mistake to use the terminology of classic verse with reference to English poetry. There is some fire in the invocation to England; and "The Jug of Old October" is a spirited song of the old-fashioned type.

"The Little Flower Girl, and Other Stories in Verse," by "Robin" (W. Swan Sonnenschein), is a collection of rather clever tales and fables intended for the young. The author has a fluent power of rhyming and a good deal of humour, though it strikes us as slightly too cynical for the proposed audience. Perhaps the best are "The Wealthy Frog" and the "Dawdleboys and Nimblelads," which latter recalls a well-known allegory in Canon Kingsley's "Water Babies."

There is much to admire in "Four Pictures from a Life, and Other Poems," by the Hon. Mrs. O. N. Knox (Kegan Paul). The story of Antonia's ennoblement through love is pathetic, "In a Meadow" is simply charming, and the change of metre at the end most effective; whilst the songs, especially those to old Irish airs, are very musical. Altogether it is a pleasant little volume.

Were it only to acknowledge the graceful courtesy of its dedication, we should feel bound to notice for a third time "Poems," by John Gibree, M.A. (Trübner); it is so refreshing to meet with an author who can appreciate honest endeavours at true judgment of his work. We personally must compliment Mr. Gibree on the wisdom of an alteration which we had first the honour of suggesting. It has removed the one blemish of his beautiful poem.

Notwithstanding some juvenile work there is promise in "Ilaria, and Other Poems," by Ernie S. W. Johnson (Kegan Paul). We prefer the opening poem, a musically-told tale of the Boccaccio order, of how a princess renounced her state for the sake of her low-born lover. It strikes one, however, that in doing so Ilaria was selfishly deserting her proper duties for the sake of personal gratification. "Daphnis" is unequal, both metrically and otherwise; and a pretty little sonnet, "Amori," is spoiled by the author's having rhymed "saw" with "bore." But, on the whole, the collection is fairly good.

Mrs. Pfeiffer, who has always had our sincerest admiration as a poet, has shown herself, in "The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock" (Kegan Paul) no less capable as a writer of simple and elegant prose. Nothing could be better of its kind than this narrative of a visit to Mull, and there is a genuine appreciation of the Highland character which is most soothing to the feelings too often irritated by the arrogant impertinence of casual tourists. The characters of old Susan and Miss M'Corquodale are simply perfect in their way. The poem embodied in the tale is, to our thinking, hardly equal to the author's best work; it is, of course, the old story of Maclean of Duart, used both by Campbell and Joanna Baillie. But it contains one splendid passage—that in which Elizabeth is waiting for her ruffian lord (page 120); *à propos* of which we must quote Helmuth's words, "There is no work here for the literary scavenger but such as he may make for himself." The rhyming of "rack" with "coronach" is rather painful to a Scots ear, and surprising in Mrs. Pfeiffer's case.

"The Wordsworth Birthday Book," edited by Adelaide and Emily Wordsworth (Kegan Paul), is an elegant little volume of the usual type; the selection being, as the title implies, culled from the works of the Bard of Rydal.

A singularly quaint and original idea has inspired the author of "Under a Fool's Cap: Songs," by Daniel Henry, jun. (Kegan Paul). He has chosen some of the most familiar of the old nursery rhymes of our childhood, and made each to serve as the text, so to speak, for a sort of allegorical ballad, half pathetic, half humorous, as well as containing at times some subtle thought. Perhaps the best are "King Cole" and "Banbury Cross," both as sad and weird as could well be imagined; "Margery Daw," which is almost terrible; and "Little Boy Blue," in which we get a touch of lighter fancy. The book is a clever and fascinating one.

"Indian Lyrics," by W. Trego Webb (Thacker), has some noteworthy features, combined with less impressive matter. The most telling poem is a bitter satire, entitled "Church-Going," on modes of thought and speech which are only too common in Anglo-Indian society. Mr. Webb justly condemns the ignorant snobbery which designates the Hindoo population "niggers," and has done more than anything to damage British influence in India. The burlesque sonnets are funny, and the humorous lyrics above the average; we do not care for the French forms of verse.

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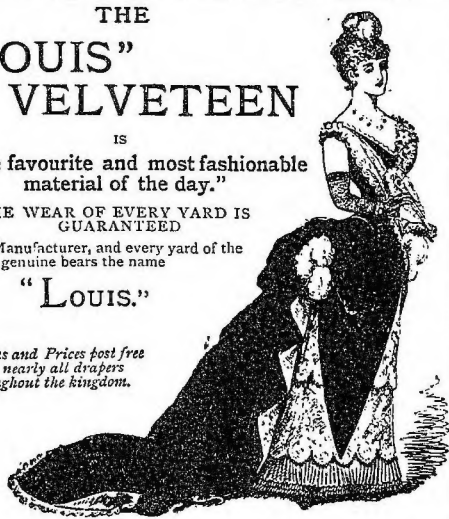
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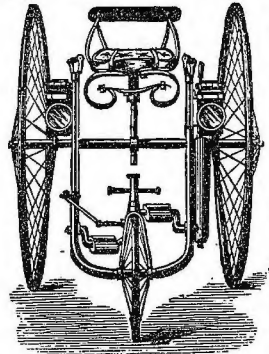
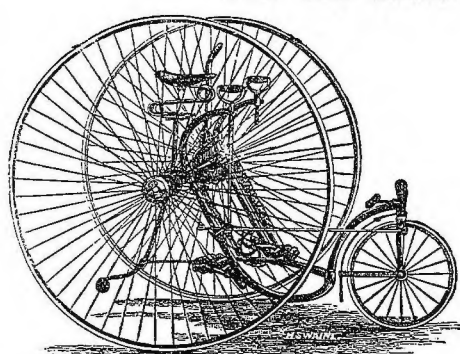
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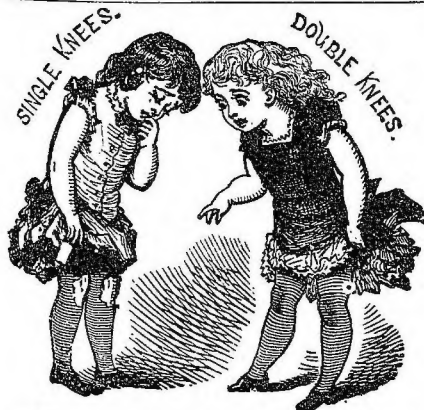


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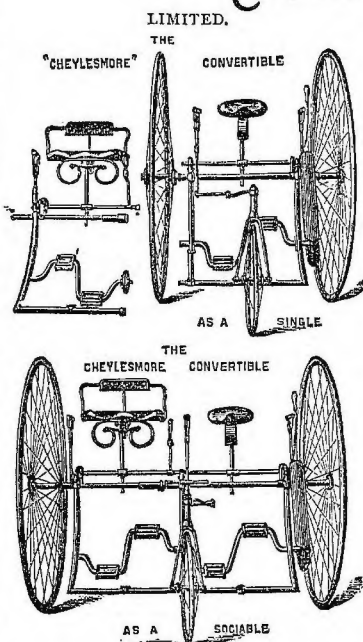
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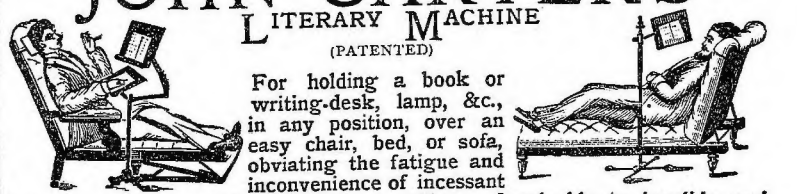
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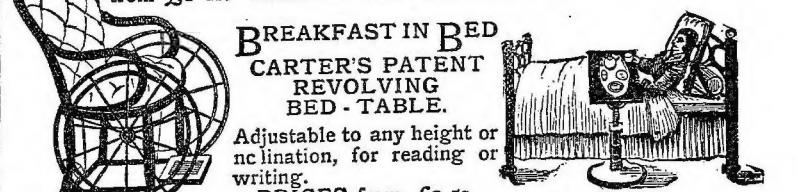


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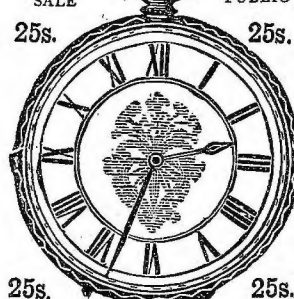
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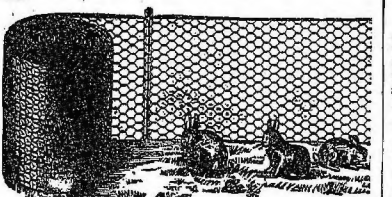
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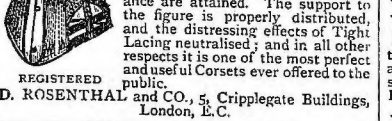
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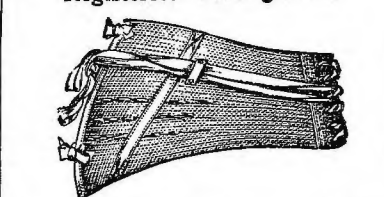
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